

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JULY 6, 1981

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COVER STORY

A man in need

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau met with British PM Margaret Thatcher as well as France's François Mitterrand in Paris and West Germany's Helmut Schmidt in Bonn in a whirlwind European tour last week. He may have achieved little across, however, in developing a blueprint for July's summit in Ottawa, according to Ottawa bureau chief Robert Leves, who filed this report from the three capitals — **Page 17**



Traffic tickets in the sky

Willy Laurin's northern money flights are legendary. Now he needs some more too — **Page 29**

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Hard to swallow

Don't Drink the Water (Cover, June 22) demonstrates the ignorance and reluctance to deal with groundwater pollution by municipal, provincial and federal governments. Wastes that are out of sight are no longer out of mind. Hydrocarbons exist for millions of years in the ground and the bacteriological action is correspondingly slow in aquifers. Mother nature's self-cleaning process will be measured in terms of geologic time, not in generations. Our society may well be out of sight before the aquifers are cleaned.

—LEH SCOTT
Winnipeg

In addition to the fact that we don't know how harmful are the chemicals seeping into our wells, there is also the issue of property rights. If my neighbor throws something onto my property, he has violated my rights. All those whose wells have been polluted by nearby chemical dumps should demand removal of the pollutants. The extreme cost of such a cleanup would cause all polluters to modify their methods so that a clean environment would become a normal operating cost.

—JOHN REWARD THORNTON
Toronto

Your article mentioned the presence of tritium in well water in an area of Nova Scotia near Halifax. The information is presented in badly distorted, however, I would like to point out that



Drinking water: can nature cope?

In contrast with every other one of the numerous water quality problems you outlined, the uranium present in groundwater in Nova Scotia is due to natural uranium occurrence. It is not a man-made pollution or contamination problem as implied by the article as a whole.

—DAVID A. GRANTHAM
Chairman, Provincial Uranium Task Force, Department of Health
Bedford, N.S.

The lady takes pen to hand

Writing letters to the editor is boring, and there's been open season on me for so long that mostly I don't bother, except when my vanity or that of those I work with has been questioned. Alden Nowlan (Retiring Age-Old Shenanigans, Poststar, June 22), it seems, is not ex-

empt from fashionability; he too thinks he doesn't have to do his homework when it comes to slinging a few used sentences my way.

Showered, the television play he wrote at, was based on an idea from the director, Peter Pearson, and considerable research done in trailer parks by a professional researcher. There are many people older than Alden Nowlan who live a nomadic existence in trailer parks, those of Canada in summer, those further south in winter. It's often cheaper than an apartment and they enjoy it. And yet, some of them do live together without being legally married, although though this may be to Mr. Nowlan. That way they get the benefit of two pensions, which means something to them since they are not from "the upper-middle class." Nor do I consider the mere who choose to live this way "old hags," as Mr. Nowlan does.

We received a number of letters thanking us for doing the story. The letters, too, were from people considerably older than Mr. Nowlan. I hope he does make it to 90, since he's a fine poet. And I believe him when he says he's going to be a damned old crack. I just hope he learns, sometime in the next 11 years, to be a conscientious and accurate old crack as well.

—MARGARET STROOD
Toronto

Alden Nowlan is a man with insight. He has accurately depicted the attitudes of today's society with regard to senior citizens. Condescension is, indeed, worse than ridicule. Younger old—who wants to be patronized?

—BEA TAYLOR
St. Catharines, Ont.

PASSAGES



AWARDED: Silver medals in senior men's and women's categories in Canadian ballet dancers Kimberly Glosse, 30, and Kevin Pugh, 31, in the Moscow International Ballet Competition. Glosse, a native of Eugene, Ore., and Pugh, of Indianapolis, Ind., were representing the National Ballet of Canada, where they have trained since childhood. Five of Canada's six finalists were given awards by the 35-member jury, a town showing surprised only by the Soviet Union.

DECEASED: Byrnes Hope Sanders, 70, former editor of *Chinatown* and consumer director of the Wartime Prices and Trade

Board, in Toronto. During the Second World War Sanders, who had been editor of *Chinatown* since 1939, headed 15,000 women volunteers checking goods against ceilings set by the federal government.

BANNED: George Seipensad, president of South Africa's Natal Indian Congress (NIC), by government order, for a five-year period. The NIC, founded in 1934 by Mahatma Gandhi, is the pre-eminent political arm of South Africa's 300,000 Indian Seipensad, a lawyer, will be confined to his local municipal district and is forbidden to attend any political gatherings.

RECEIVED: Julio Cesar Dittzenbach Anzures, 32, planning chief of Guatemala's National Electrification Institute, by unknown abductors who kidnapped him a week before. Sources estimate at least 300 deaths a week in the conflict between the country's U.S.-backed regime and Marxist guerrilla groups.

DISMISSED: Most Rev. Dominic Tang Timok, as bishop of the Chinese city of Canton, by the Canton Patriotic Catholic Association, on the grounds that his acceptance of a papal appointment to archbishop installed China since the Chinese church does not recognize the Pope.



AN ORDER: To Pat Taylor, wife of former ambassador to Iran Ken Taylor, the Order of Canada, one year after the same award to her husband sparked a national outcry for equal recognition. For her "courageous and valuable assistance" in the "Canadian Caper," Taylor is one of 63 people to be invested into the order this fall by Gov.-Gen. Edward Schreyer. Fellow embassy wife Zena Shandowa, whose husband, John, also received the award last year, was made an honorary member since she is not yet a Canadian citizen.

MYERS'S



ULTRA LIGHT TASTE. MYERS'S WHITE RUM.

Monetarist attack on ivory tower

You do little for your credibility when you blame Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan for the fiscal problems in their respective countries (The High Cost of Money, Cover, June 8). These situations have been developing over many years. Only time will tell whether or not the policies are effective. We do know that Reagan and Thatcher are the only two leaders with the political courage to try to do what must be done. As for the experts, any fathead can sit in an ivory tower and dream up abstract theories.

A.R. LEITCHMAN

Pitt Meadows, B.C.

Below the belt

According to your editorial The Cure for Inflation May Just Get to Be a Killer (June 8), "everyone who retired with \$100,000 10 years ago has been nipped by inflation of about \$40,000." Even a very conservative investor would have increased that sum to \$225,000 in 10 years. To blame the government policies for all the inflation, considering that the price of oil is up 1,200 per cent in the same period, looks like "negative journalism."

V. ATKINSON
Lewistown, Pa.

That's that

I was dismayed at the irresponsible journalism reflected in Barbara Amiel's column A Lesson in Over-simplification (June 15). She fails to acknowledge the need for values



Wolves, wolfers and faithheads

education as perceived by responsible education, as well as the enormous difficulties in setting up practical and effective programs. She indicates no understanding of bookish Canada. Things which are honest attempts to treat important moral issues in terms meaningful to young people. She has, in effect, dismissed and dismissed the complex dilemma of preparing students for moral issues in three columns of type. Talk about over-simplification!

—HARVY NEUBERG
Downsview, Ont.

A fond farewell

Thanks for remembering Barbara Ward (Dorothy Barbara's Father's Early Warnings on *Specialist Earth*, Editorial, June 15). She was a fine, deeply concerned human being, and there are never enough of the likes of her. It was she who had the overview about what was wrong with the world and the optimism to feel that it could be put right.

—LISA EDWIN
Vancouver, B.C.

An offensive defence

After the Israeli air force operation inside Iraq and the destruction of the nuclear research plant in Baghdad (Fall-out Spreads From Gaseous, World, June 28) I am completely confused. Can anybody define the concept of self-defence anymore? Anyone other than Prime Minister Menachem Begin of Israel, that is.

—ELIE W. SARALLAN
Ottawa

Under the U.S. Arms Export Control Act of 1969, American-supplied weapons are required to be used only for "defensive purposes." It seems self-evident that this law that is currently being

invoked against Israel's use of F-16 bombers against Iraq would also apply to the U.S. supply of offensive weaponry to the EC Salvadoran junta. It is interesting in this connection to recall Kertel's Affairs Minister Mark McGowan's remark on U.S. aid to the junta: "I certainly will not condemn any decision the United States took to send offensive arms there."

—GREGOR MCKENNA
Toronto

All that remains

I was pleased to see the essence of our maturing problem finally being made public (Adrift in a Never-Never Land, Padman, June 8). Mayor Moore summarized very well the dilemmas in Canadian attitudes when it comes to selling ourselves. Culture and education are the foundations of society. It is tragic that governments and many Canadians view cultural affairs as luxuries. It is ironic that that which we belittle is all that remains of the glorious, ancient civilizations.

—RAVONA LINDGREN
Vancouver, B.C.

A thousand plaudits to Modern's and to Mavor Moore for exposing the reasons we use to explain our failure to develop a Canadian identity. Charles Jaffe's accompanying column also speaks volumes. Canada does indeed provide an inhospitable environment for the development of a "star system"—not only in the arts, but also in business, science, medicine, technology and all other fields of endeavor (If you're so good, why are you still here?). Let's hope Moore is eventually given the support he needs to get on with creating a cultural identity for Canadians, despite the fact that we seem not to want one.

—PETER CALVERT
Toronto

The bigger they are . . .

It appears Admiral Harry Train has fallen victim to the phobia particular to military strategists and planners when just numbers of ships (or missiles) are counted and not their actual qualities or capabilities (Phantom Blue Water Threat, Q&A, June 8). In this era of "smart" missiles I doubt the logic in spending any money on more surface ships, which could rapidly become large and expensive floating targets. We must spend not against this senseless waste of money and resources.

—JAMES CLATCOTE
Peterborough, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Most correspondence is lettered to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 101 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5P 1K7.



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Treading in economic quicksand

Canadian interest rates are made in Washington, and have always been so

By Avner Mandelman

Canada is a free country, but its commerce is not. In sudden days, those who wanted to be free in their commerce as well as in their choice of uterine rules were chased to the U.S., where "free enterprise" and similar seditionous nonsense was the norm, rather than the exception. Why, Toronto itself was founded by a British lieutenant-colonel and a coterie of hucksters, to whom a distant monarch had granted huge tracts of real estate in order to create a privileged aristocracy with an interest in preserving its rule over the new land.

But this, of course, is the distant past. Canada is not a protective colony any more, and the granting of privileges is no longer the prerogative of the faraway monarch. Today it is the prerogative of the government in Ottawa.

Most Canadian markets are allocated by government fiat. Farmers sell their produce through government cartels, the manufacture and sale of alcohol is tightly controlled by the authorities, no citizen may post his TV set on a pending satellite but he has the monopolistic franchise that local broadcasters have as his attention—which they sell to advertisers.

Canada is a cluster of government franchises—a kind of privileged interests fighting tooth and claw the "invisible hand" of Adam Smith, that 18th-century advocate of free-trade economics, as it attempts to mangle economic justice in the transportation and healthcare. The losers? They are the rest of us, who must pay more for our airline tickets, for our food, for our clothing, in order to benefit the few who would rather suck at the teat of government than earn an honest living in a free marketplace.

South of the border, too, they have their privileged cartels, but in the U.S. they have also been the exception rather than the rule. And even there few shackles at the "invisible hand" are now crumbling, as President Ronald Reagan allows commodities—be they airline tickets, barrels of oil or even money—to fetch whatever prices they will. You, even money, the price of money, too—interest rates—has now been set free in the U.S. and, of all innovations of "Reaganomics," this is the most alien to Canadian economic rules. For it is a fact—though never openly discussed in Canadian economic society—that Canadian interest rates are made in Washington, and have always been so.

When U.S. interest rates rise, Canadian rates must rise in tandem for, if they do not, Canadian dollars—still free to go where they please—tend to convert to U.S. dollars, to get the higher rates available in U.S. banks. The rush to sell the Canadian dollar depresses its price, the government can not suffer for long, and it, too, raises the rate of interest in its domain to protect the price of its coin.

And then the political hysteria begins: Canadian citizens—used to their government protecting them from just about everything—clamor for protection from this force of nature also. Farmers, who have speculated wildly in beef and land under the protective umbrella of their marketing boards, chaotically call for even more government protection against the wild forces of economics. The NIM—calling an over-attentive political cur—holders for the government to fix the rate of interest by decree.

If you listen to the universal hysteria, you may be forgiven for thinking that the government can indeed do something. But can it? This is a wicked thinking of the highest sort. You can no more fix the rate of interest than you can fix the price of gold—or oil—without sooner or later seeing it bulge elsewhere in your economy.

Fix the rate of interest to protect borrowers against the results of their own prodigality, and your sons will sue. Fix the price of your dollar to ward off inflation, and your interest rates will zoom. Fix the price of oil to protect consumers, and it will be used up too rapidly. Fix the price of airline tickets in your land by sheltering the local cartel from competition, and the number of travellers will decline, and with it commerce, and the interaction between your citizens, east and west. The simple truth is—if you try to protect any group of society against the blind economic justice of the "invisible hand," the rest of us must pay.

The ideal solution? Let competition—true competition—force prices down and quality up. If farmers overborrowed to speculate in beef, let one or two go bust. It will do wonders for the price of food. If homeowners indulged as villains whose mortgages they can no longer carry—let a few sell at distress prices. It will help moderate prices of oil houses.

Will the government let this happen? Naturally not. Canadian governments are not elected to solve economic problems. They are elected to defend Canadians against economies. And yet, truth to tell, some Canadians—even if they brought their plight upon themselves—do deserve help. After all, we are human beings, and blind economic justice must be tempered with compassion.

So what can the government do? First, it must resist the pressure to fix the rates of interest. Don't fiddle with the rules! Then, if political pressure becomes unbearable, give direct assistance—in cash—to those who suffer most. This will not entail unknown consequences in the future, and is far cheaper—and more honest—than meddling with the whole economy for the benefit of the privileged few. Help the needy directly, and let the "invisible hand" alone. It has been managing the economy longer—and better—than any government ever has.

Avner Mandelman is a special phantom analyst with *Black & White* Street Canada Ltd. and an investment writer.



SIX YEARS OLD AND SMOOTH AS SILK.

AFTER SIX YEARS OF PREPARATION, IT'S EARNED ITS SILK TASSEL.

Bitter spirits distill in Cognac

The growers of the region are popping their corks over France's new tax on their product

calastrophe. The sacrifice of an entire region."

Earlier this year, more than 5,000 growers overflowed Cognac's main meeting hall, the Salle Polignac, to discuss their outrage into a fine white heat before marching to the local prefecture under banners shouting, COGNAC WANTS TO LIVE and NON TO JUSTICE. Shopkeepers shattered their boutique fronts in solidarity and the big tax shoppers, such as Hennessy and Rémy-Martin, temporarily dumped the heavy flow of their amber-tinted ambrosia on the belt-thing assembly lines to show that, even though they were hardly touched (since as much as 95 per cent of their output is exported), they were intent on keeping the faith with the growers on whom they depend for Cognac's essential blends of eau-de-vie—grits literally its "waters of life." "The French market may represent only six per cent of our sales," protests Francis Arnaud, secretary-general of Martell, "but it's our home market. It's a showcase for us. We're very sensitive to this injustice."

The march was spearheaded by the region's 400 mayors, who stormed through town in their truckload caskets and had gone so far as to contemplate mass resignations or a blockade of the Paris rail lines. "You see, they're turning us into a whole generation of Red Brigades down here," blurted

André Cossange, of the house of Camus, which might appear to be overstating the case a trifle. Still, to understand the depth of feelings fermenting in Cognac is to understand the utter tranquility of the roughly 300,000 souls who inhabit the banks of the sleepy Charente River, 120 km northwest of Bordeaux.

So fundamentally placid is the populace that it can boast the highest longevity rate in France—a record attributed, of course, to daily doses of the local brew—and nobody can recall a demonstration of any sort since the peasants took up arms against the king three centuries ago. "Down here, the temperament is not so much Mediterranean as it is British," says Gerard Sourn, spokesman for the Bureau National de Cognac. "People keep their feelings to themselves. They take a long time to ripen their anger. But when it does, it means things are very grave."

Just how grave things were leaked out over the next months as growers such as Bisquit, who also produce a swashbuckling spirit called Pissac from their surplus Cognac grapes, defied the order and refused to pay the new tax, while the mayors dug into an administrative strike, stubbornly turning up their noses at all orders from the central government in Paris.

They snubbed the local prefect, Paris' man, and bureaucracy ground to a slow

Aging vault: 'a veritable catastrophe'

By Maurel McDonald

It's the shaded dusk of an autumnal season, Jacques Begoutin stood among the vines of Cognac, where his family has been rooted for three generations, and smiled for a chill in the air. "You see," he said, gesturing the green here of an embryonic leaf, "a frost now could kill the blossoms to come. Things started so precariously that it's a very risky year." In fact, the weatherman's whims aren't the only factor that make this a risky year in Cognac. Ever since the French government slapped the first half of a proposed two-phase domestic tax blow of the industry, which will cost it an extra 51 per cent on every drop of Cognac sold in France by the beginning of next year, Begoutin and his 40,000 fellow Cognac grape growers have been in open revolt, snubbing all the fury of their pet skills against what he terms a "veritable ca-



Cognac distributor Jacques Begoutin strolls with all the fury of their pet skills against what he terms a "veritable ca-

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coiled. For all its lack of fireworks, the paperwork reveal proved wondrously effective. When the 400 towns halls of the Charente threatened not to compile the electoral lists before May's presidential vote, and at a time when the government of Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was desperate for every ballot, Fauré promptly shot 120 letters, hastily promising to reconsider and whipping up a tripartite commission with local representatives to come up with solutions. "The climate is still very tense," says Beguin, the 67-year-old president of the Charente Winegrowers' Federation who won a commission seat. "But for now there's a wait-and-see attitude in Cognac."

What complicates the matter is that this isn't a sequester in the French pot still alone. The Cognac was simply the latest internal trouble in the uneasy balancing act of the European Common Market, a community which, recently, was largely founded by a local son, the late Jean Monnet, who started out in life selling his family's brand of abbeyside brewer across Canada in the trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Co. This particular twist in the plot, in fact, began with the Highland ree of Scotland's whisky producers. Increased at France's high tax rate on Scotch, they took their case to the European Court of Justice in Luxembourg which ruled in their favor in February, 1986, ordering France to iron out the price wrinkles between homegrown liquors and its whistler. Confirmed free entrepreneurs that they are, the Cognacists accepted the judgment without a whimper. As Beguin says, "We can't be against import duties on Cognac in other countries and for protectionism at home."

Still, it was assumed that the new tax would be slipped off all French French, of which Cognac represented only nine per cent drop in the basket. But last fall, when the national budget came before parliament, the blow broke over the region with a shock: the full tax burst was to be borne by Cognac, its southwestern cousin Armagnac and the Normandy applejack brandy known as Calvados. "Imagine some of our deputies having to vote against the national budget," bemoans Beguin. "They did it with no vote in their voice." That move has in turn prompted another sort of Cognac war, not just against the blundering bureaucrats of Paris, but against the interests of the country's most popular aperitif, the aniseed drinks such as Pernod, which escaped scotch-free, as it were. These days the Cognacists are hating Jean-Marie Galland, the prime minister's aide, never forgetting to underline that he made his money after the war on segments of contributing to alcoholism. "Oh, we do not burn to sym-



Master distiller at work (top): Guy Gavard. (left) A still in the collective mouth.



body," wails one shipper, and the zealous Cognac public relations bureau is careful to tuck into each press kit sheets of slogans, if somewhat heavily discounted, intimating as to how Cognac can cure everything from premature childbirth to the pain of aching pectorals to the blues.

Government attempts to calm the storm with subsidy offers merely inflamed the fierce sense of local independence. "We don't want charity," fumes Beguin. "We just don't want to be annihilated." Indeed, it is more

than a small element of local pride that Cognac has helped itself out of its own woes ever since the local forefathers discovered that the maddening white wine pressed from the local grapes might not be able to compete with the elegant Bordeaux bottled to the south, but it could be vastly improved by two distillations.

Almost accidentally they stumbled on the fact that the resulting harsh, colorless eau-de-vie, when left to age in certain oaken casks, would not only lose its edge, it would take on an amber glow and redolent mellow which came inspired Victor Hugo to label it "the drink of the Gods." It only took a handful of British expatriates named Hennessy and Martell, who set themselves up as shippers on the banks of the Charente in the 17th and 18th centuries, to spread Cognac's seductive aroma the globe. Now the Cognacians like to boast that they have contributed the most readily recognizable word of French around the world, not to mention nearly \$1 billion (as of last year) to the country's balance of payments. Nor when the massive British market—a market so influential that designations such as V3 (very superior) and VSOP (very superior old) were coined for it—began to sag, did they rest on their barrels.

Setting up their own slickly oiled marketing and public relations machine, they invaded the United States, which last year became Cognac's No. 1

customer, quaffing 23 million bottles, and ventured as far afield as Hong Kong where the seven million Chinese down an extraordinary eight million bottles a year, preferably on the rocks as a table wine—a consumption rate that is perhaps spurred on by the Far Eastern belief that Cognac is an aphrodisiac.

In bad years or lean harvests, the Cognac growers organized their own version of social assistance, sharing the crop to keep the region on its feet. Recently, when overproduction threatened to prompt some to grub their vines, they instead decided to use the surplus to launch Ponsu, once a private local indulgence, onto the commercial spirit market and began bottling an expensive white table wine called Champagne. The fact that Cognac has never entered well to the government saw leaves an even more bitter taste in the collective mouth. "We've always tried to help ourselves," says Beguin. "And what do we get a hammer over the head?"

If they seem resigned to accept the first blow which came into effect this spring, they are fighting the second 10-per-cent tax stage—scheduled for next Feb. 1—with unbecoming spirits. Statistics already prove their worst fears. March sales fell by 28.4 per cent in France compared to last year. By next year, the tax will have added 23 francs, or nearly \$6, to the price of every Cognac bottle sold at home—24 cents to the price of every further dowered by Frenchmen who see threat in attack on the cherished national ritual of coping with bad news, or even good news by heading straight for the cash to knock back a fix at the zinc counter. "People are already touched," laments Jacques Hardy, president of Hardy Cognac which depends on the French market for half its sales. "The French market is a crux for the world market. We can't have a dead market at home. It's absurd."

Temper has been temporarily put on simmer while awaiting the outcome of the government commission—a process that has been prolonged thanks to the extended election fever that has been gripping France. Not that the elections themselves haven't added a new fever to the Cognac war. The Cognacists are currently using their clauses in the hope that they have a sympathetic ear in the new president, François Mitterrand, who was, after all, born among their vines 64 years ago and whose brother presides over one of the smaller houses. But the hope is bedded with a certain reserve as they do it is remembered that Mitterrand himself is not much of a drinker, and that his father ended his days sipping not Cognac, but vinegar. ☐



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PROFILE: RAY GUY

Not just a b'y from the bay

Ray Guy captures the voice of the Newfoundland outports

By Michael Chagston

There was a time in Arnold's Cove when the young Ray Guy, in the prodigious stillness of his bedroom, could hear his whole world awake. Through animated walls came the clank of cars in wooden outports on fish-ermans and their sons started their day. Bedding creak explained as the small enervated coughed to life, and the "chank-chank-chank" of the boats glowing across the harbor and out into Placentia Bay roused the rest of the hamlet to another day. That was before the big government wharf brought a constant buzz of boat traffic, before Joey Smallwood's resettlement policies swelled the population, before electric lights replaced the kerosene lamps that were swathed every Christmas in evergreen boughs and tissue-paper roses, before Arnold's Cove was Canadian.

Guy no longer lives in the cove, which has ebbed a rough and rapid passage into the 20th century in the 42 years since his birth. It's now a prosperous town of 1,800, just 16 km from that hazy symbol of the new Newfoundland, the Entrepôt Centre-By-Choice of refinery. Guy went forth with authentic memories of the sounds and scenes of his birthplace, and multiplied—father to two young daughters and to a body of writing that has captured the stirring humor and vitality of Newfoundland's outports. It was his strapping political manners in the St. John's Evening Telegram that first made his name. The third volume of his outport writings, *Resettlement Vignettes*, due off the press any day, should strengthen a more enduring reputation as the portraitist of a people.

Life today for the former seaport of the House of Assembly has taken a

Arnold's Cove (left), Ray Guy at work; the glorious heights of acclivity

shower, more dramatic turn—from the frenetic pace of newspaper deadlines to the relative leisure of a monthly column for Atlantic *Journal* magazine, from relentless back-to-back to contented absorption in family life. Beldom comfortable without a cigarette, Guy runs wages through his lungs, lived in St. John's house, filled with *Seaside Street* tape, for the essential pace. "My God, it's true," he mutters as a character actor aside: "The brain does go before the liver." The slabbily set east to his features, marked by the down-and-away corners of his mouth and eyes, in made for pale-faced throwaway lines. He is under five-foot, eight inches tall, a tall overweight and given little thought to his appearance. "When I first saw what I had to work with I gave it up for a bad job," he once wrote. His matter-of-fact evidence quotes when told stories to politics and memories of Smallwood will inspire him to mutter: "There I was [in England]. Mr. Speaker. Dukes to right of me, prisons to left of me. Mr. Hilly from Gensie." There's still a sense of marvel, though little wistful, at what he sees in the small-town of his first and greatest adversary. Guy too reveals flashes of the dramatic, there seems to be a performer within, not quite sure if it wants out.

For all that, Guy has a reserved nature, in contrast to the firebrand who once enraged and entertained 20,000 readers a day. In a province where, until very recently, journalists have packed their notebooks with rocks, Guy dispensed with the snow altogether and he pitched from high as what he called the "divious heights of acclivity and veneration" long established in Newfoundland. In a fundamental sense, his

political attacks were rooted in his outport upbringing. The social criticism was too poor, and life was too hard for outporters to permit violence among themselves. Instead, aggression was released and vented through through artful insults. The brother men were passed down in stories with all the attendant color and humor of a vital oral tradition. Guy was at the receiving end of generations of such tales, told by an uncle who could trace community and family history through the decades. But in other senses he was an outsider to his own culture. With parents who kept books around the house and subscribed to such magazines as *Boy's Own Annual*, Guy and his sister grew up reading in a settlement where most people dropped out of school by Grade 8. He helped out at the family's grocery store while most other boys were off to boarding school. He survived a "rugged" elementary schooling, largely because of the encouragement of a few teachers.

The first lesson he learned at Memorial University in St. John's was "Sin Alley," where he arrived in 1963, an uncle's hand-me-down suits in tow, was that baymen were kids. After two miserable years there he escaped to the glittering halls of Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnic Institute to study journalism for three years and to discover "restaurants that didn't close for lunch." Back in St. John's in 1968 he was hired by *The Evening Telegram* as a feature writer. In 1968, a year after he won a National Newspaper Award for feature writing, he was given a formidable chunk of page 8 to do a weekly column. In giving Guy, interest centered on the dwindling power of Joey Smallwood, and the independently owned Telegram was a willing partner for his detractors. Ronald John Fraser, a Telegram reviewer who later became the Toronto Globe and Mail's senior in politics. The sentiment of Guy's column was incredible. People would hang around outside *The Evening Telegram* waiting for the paper as they could read them.

Guy who later became an "outcast" ("that bag of corruption and decay" or "our leader, the leading factor, Page One or President-for-Life [Smallwood]) who spread fear and trampled the island's delicate social fabric in his well-meaning scramble for economic development. "It was as disconcerting to me as being told to go to him," Guy recalls with heat.

"People were almost afraid to talk politics for fear of losing a brother or cousin their job." He recalls being "personally attacked" when Smallwood once suggested a newspaper to only check on the fishermen would be a good government insurance scheme. Guy attacked Smallwood's powerful grip on the system—a mastery that historian Peter Kenny has compared to Third

World countries. "The key to Ray Guy," says Peter Kenny, "was always all he's a socialist. The reason for his violence in his political attacks is because he does have a conception of what decency is." If he was shy, Guy was not afraid. One while Smallwood was denouncing him, the house he rushed around the flushing of the toilets in his hearing distance of the chamber, as a suggestive squelch "Joey threatened to sit on me until my tongue hung out a foot," Guy recalls with a chuckle. "So that was a bit thrilling, you know." Smallwood may be his most recent of Guy's columns, and finds them "exceptionally witty, although untrue."

The anthologies of his columns as the outports reveal a warmer, deeply humane side. The first book, *Boy May Have Them at Sea* (Dorland, \$6.95, 1978), is a natural best seller, and

founders' who affect accents and wear rural sweaters and corded parties. "When a native son has got to think twice these days before he questions the desperate sort of patriotism that has given as the lightest air, the hardest rocks and the wettest water in the world."

Guy's sketches are not sentimental, but he prefers not to dwell on the darker aspects. "You must remember that these things were written to entertain," he explains. "It isn't a balanced picture of Newfoundland, but why the hell make it a point to go on about berries and burnt appendages and lost senses?" It crops up occasionally, in his mention of the rural schools, where students were "dressed for life... as surely as if parts of their brains had been removed by surgery," or of his two brothers lost in childbirth ("that was



Guy hemming it up at the Telegram's, a slim view of professional Newfoundlanders

That *Far Outport* Guy won the Stephen Leacock award in 1977. George Stoney, a literary scholar and a Newfoundland, says his outport writing "rings absolutely true. It's captured a very distinct Newfoundland voice through the slow." Guy's outport mood has a distinct rhythm. "Absolutely weird! It is and too much of a good thing to be wholesome," he writes about the argument youngsters get out of August's balmy weather. An old person receives a color photograph from a relative. "I see some never saw. All done out in nature, you know." But Guy breaks away from that when communal, as when he reflects on his utilitarian religious training. "If you turn as the top and let the water run while you use the first two channels of Ormond, Christian Solvite it is cold enough at the end of that time to go into your drop of sweat."

Guy's anthologies have found a key niche in the literature of Newfoundland's self-examination. Guy, however, takes pains to separate himself from his observational aspects of the cultural resurgence. He has even demanded a government insurance scheme. Guy attacked Smallwood's powerful grip on the system—a mastery that historian Peter Kenny has compared to Third

World countries. "The key to Ray Guy," says Peter Kenny, "was always all he's a socialist. The reason for his violence in his political attacks is because he does have a conception of what decency is." If he was shy, Guy was not afraid. One while Smallwood was denouncing him, the house he rushed around the flushing of the toilets in his hearing distance of the chamber, as a suggestive squelch "Joey threatened to sit on me until my tongue hung out a foot," Guy recalls with a chuckle. "So that was a bit thrilling, you know." Smallwood may be his most recent of Guy's columns, and finds them "exceptionally witty, although untrue."

about strange back then, I suppose?" Gordon, Placentia, Guy's Newfoundland-born writer and actor, was in Guy's "positive emphasis" the one area where in fact he does show himself in his love for the country. In 1977, two years after Guy quit the Telegram to take up film-making, he was hired away to play the part of Jack Hume in *Up of Ours*, a television miniseries written by Gordon Pinnett for the CBC. Chronically disheveled, Hume sits by a window reading comics and mumbling to himself in the missing words, rougher character than Guy himself. Says producer Kevin O'Connell: "It occurs this character he's been allowed to hide behind has allowed him to come out a bit, and now he's more outgoing." Guy, however, is not changing. Asked with a grin, "I don't need to drift a lot. Whichever part we say, please I'll be in." Meanwhile, his past lives for him in the anthologies, and lives for the students who will read them in Newfoundland schools. The books may be the next best thing to an audience for Guy, but he never had a chance to hear Arnold's Cove being ring itself early on a morning before all the changes began. ☐

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COVER STORY



A man and a world in need

Trudeau's summit vision was all goodness and mercy—but reality looms

By Robert Lewis

It took a crew of 800 workers only four months to build the towering lodge at Montebello, Que., in 1900. Such was the rush that some glass was even drawn up after parts of the structure were completed. The history of the construction—to say nothing of the exclusive private club's slipping into commercial hands in 1971—serves as an appropriate metaphor for the Ottawa summit, which opens at the Chateau Montebello in a fortnight. The leaders of the seven largest industrial countries desperately want their club to erect a monument of accomplishment. But as far—and despite Pierre Trudeau's four-day ferry through Europe last week—there are no blueprints. Instead, the 98 across the media, in effect, of having an edifice complex. During a London news conference at week's end he playfully suggested that there will be only one head-line from Ottawa. LEADERS HAVE WASTED OUR TIME AND MONEY BY DECIDING NOTHING.

The clever attempt to reduce expectations was the surest sign that Trudeau



Japanese Ambassador Michiko Sone presents a report to Trudeau.

is preparing for the worst. He started out with the vision of presiding over a session in which wealthy nations from the north of the globe (typical yearly incomes of \$8,000) would move forcefully to share their wealth and power

Trudeau and Mitterrand meet at the Elysée palace, global negotiations.

with the poorest of the south (per-capita incomes as low as \$200 a year). But after 28 separate trips to various capitals in both worlds since last summer, Trudeau has been reduced, in essence, to the summit will be a success if the leaders get to know each other better. As if by way of insurance, he forecasts "a difficult summit, without any assurance of success."

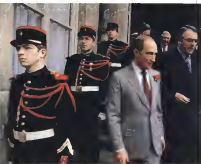
To be sure, Trudeau has a point when he notes that going to Ottawa simply to get along would be a significant accomplishment for a group with five new members since last summer in Venice. "With harmony on his mind, Trudeau is cutting no corners in an attempt to create an informal atmosphere of intimacy (see box, page 18). But the big-

"They are: François Mitterrand (France), Giovanni Agnelli (Italy), Shiro Asada (Japan), Ronald Reagan (United States) and Gaston Thorn (European Community). Most notably, West Germany has attended all seven. Pierre Trudeau has been at six. Berlin's Margaret Thatcher is making her first appearance."

Maclean's
FALL 1981

game players may be too set in their ways to ditch substantial sectors of a middle-class electorate. Never in the past six years of economic summaries have members seemed so much at odds as in many fronts. Instead of a lower, they may erect a house of cards.

The Europeans, for example, are simmering about heavy imports of Japanese cars and other commodities, a grievance the Pacific economic power has rejected. The Europeans are also steaming about Ronald Reagan's role as enforcer of the gold rule at a time when the fires of pacifism are aflame in their nations (income of 70,000, the largest since the 1930s, have demonstrated in West Germany about Helmut Schmidt's commitment to NATO's plan to increase theatre nuclear weapons in Europe, a stand Schmidt backed with a veto to resign if his party dissolves a child's back yard). The Europeans are in a complete boil, too, about Reaganism, which Schmidt charges is juggling continental interest rates to unacceptable levels. Reagan, in turn, suspects that the Europeans are not going along on the Soviet, especially now that François Mitterrand has indicated four Communists in his cabinet (see page 29). Washington has opted out of talking about



A pleased Trudeau off to meet the press after discussion with Mitterrand. For three is a whitened overseas trip

Care and feeding of the eight

The special assignment of Jellie Bittles has been staved in the judge of Le Château Montebello for Ronald Reagan's pleasure. The delivery of new beds, drapes, emergency supplies of food and special dietary food are on the way. Workmen are hammering on a new roof and outfitting the main conference room with air conditioning in Ottawa, no sleep—no shirt—has been left unattended. The violet list expects The Grand Hall, where the Reagan Club stayed before the fire in 1973, has been converted into a brick courtyard patio. A secretary standing in fat Margaret Thatcher has even made a tent cell from a helicopter on the Hill lawn—just to prove that wind currents will flourish neither heat nor rain.

At a cost of at least \$7 million, the two main venues for the Ottawa economic summit July 20-21 are nearly ready—nearly ready, in fact, than are the participants. Although the prospects for no second of substances are dim, arrangements are spreading like wildfire, crisscrossing at least an audience of billions. The secret is effort, is secrecy.

Pierre Trudeau has willed that the talking will take place, as he puts it, "in the sticks" while more than 1,300 members of the world's press will be on columns of mid-november and police not included.

vised to "the bookends of Ottawa," 66 km to the west. The leaders of the democratic world will talk only to each other, meeting at the end to deliver prepared statements from the main stage of the National Arts Centre. Because of newly heightened concerns about radioactive and white, a sort of special Chevrolet will drive players the few blocks to their certain call. Last week, Mitterrand and Trudeau through a simulated hostage-taking at Rockcliffe military base.

As soon as the delegations land in the



Arthur detected: slugged at high noon

capital Sunday—their arrivals will be staggered between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m., they will be chaperoned in a low-key pad outside the biggest lay house in the world, the imposing 200-room Château constructed of 85 cedar in 1836. There, behind maximum security fenced by the RCMP through which only the chateau's mascot chipmunk, Arthur, can pass undisturbed, the night privates and port officials will have two working sessions and three meals. CP Hotels has imported nine chefs, one adept at whipping up Japanese delicacies, and will keep a bar and restaurant open



Trudeau and (right) Mitterrand, some relief

around the clock. Those who prefer the outdoors can play tennis, ride horses, pick herbaceous, shoot arrows or swim in two pools, one indoors. They can even go fishing in the 60 lakes during the 65,000-acre preserve, part of the old university once owned by Quebec province of belated leader Louis Joseph Papineau.

When the sun sets on the seasons at Montebello the leaders will fly into a secret security ring Tuesday morning inside the newly renovated Black Mack. The 1867 structure was being done over anyway, at a cost of \$11.5 million. François Mitterrand and Prince will work out of Sir John A. Macdonald's office, renowned in its original state and including the first PM's desk and a throne of Queen Victoria's glaring down from a perch above the door. Reagan will sit at the desk of the first governor-general, Sir Charles Stanley Mack, and will

limit on weapons until it can feel so ordinary building in nations supporting the American way. But Reagan is running into resistance—from the Japanese, who think he is pressing them too hard to spend more on defence, and from the Mexicans, who will not join Washington's new Caribbean initiative if it means backing Cuba and other nations where the Americans believe revolutionary fervor arises from poverty, not Soviet agitation.

The seven summits are also split on broad ideological lines. The most vivid contrast is between two of the newest faces, Mitterrand, the left-wing socialist, and Reagan, the unabashed free enterprise. While the French president prepares a program of nationalization and new taxes on wealth—he may not take up Trudeau's invitation is also on for a post-summit Canadian visit to get on with the plans at home—Reagan is steaming ahead with deregulation and concessions to corporate America. As for host Trudeau, he has studiously avoided any bickering in public or private. But he surely knows that



Montebello taking 'in the sticks,' waiting in 'the bookends of Ottawa'

have a view of the Peace Tower clock that, because of repairs, is stopped at high noon. Helmut Schmidt of West Germany can reflect on the work habits of Sir George Erasmus Carter Thatcher, meanwhile, is assured the corner and down the hall to sign with no history. They were simply victims by Senator Harry Hag, whose patrolling during televised constitutional hearings on outraged Canadian women. But Thatcher and not feel neglected: a separate lounge and washroom have been constructed for her. The most striking feature is a 214-year-old wall of stone, all the main conference room, uncovered during reconstruction.

The man responsible for making the logistics was in Derek Barry, 41, who was called back early from Seoul, where he had been the Canadian ambassador. Three days Barry contemplated a nine-course wall chart on some 300 dif-

ferent summit facilities. There are no separate ways to live for the leaders who must translate at meals. Then is the shuttle bus for the press to run between Ottawa and Montebello—and, this week, a decision to be faced as the route the driver down the Quebec side of the Ottawa River runs through the tacky urban sprawl of Gatineau and inapparent mall towns in the country, the less cluttered Ontario route, ending at Carleton Place, requires a ferry ride to the lodge.

Barney got some relief from his biggest headache. Last week when CTV sought to assume the role as host broadcaster, The CBC balked out because a six-week-long strike by English news televisionists threatened to shut down satellite feeds to the outside world of the first photo opportunities. But CTV technicians are members of the same union. The National Association of Broadcasters, Employees and Technicians,



and the union spokesman seriously described planned CTV participation as "strike-breaking," leading to assumptions among many government sides that there could be foul-ups. The computer programs also flag other decisions still to be made. Trudeau has not yet approved the menu, although no one would be surprised by at least one round of apple char and New England salmon. Although 10 creditors aimed at eliciting personal notes have raised the rounds of the delegations, there have been few special requests so far. The Japanese did provide a detailed plan for placement of furniture in their state of affairs and, much official to the end, an advance party measured and photographed every chair that Prime Minister Zeeko Suzuki will occupy.

If they can't agree on substance and the North-South summit, summits at least can occur that their jobs are not getting any easier. With scandals, unwelcome realizations, inflation and unemployment, their visit to the handsomely restored elegant room in the East Block will be a walk back into an age of comparative simplicity—at the least, that of the 1930s. The East Block, taller than all the rest, and more 12 stories for the subordinate. A century later the summits will arrive with a combined total of 300 members, none with any hard answers. It's going to make a man fall off his chair or a lady lose her hair around the wall.

Schmidt, whose predecessor, Willy Brandt, is the son of the boy and the poor, wants to postpone North-South issues until a special conference of rich and poor countries in November in Mexico this fall. Schmidt is also holding out against pressure to increase German aid programs and at a recent private dinner, Schmidt said he would succeed and steadily argued that the economy will not permit any major expansion. Privately, senior aides to Schmidt pointed out to German reporters that Canada's own aging record leaves something to be desired. In a report last week, the Paris-based Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development revealed that last year Canada's development assistance

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—R.L.

great salute. Little wonder that people who run things, the nations, tend to get along over breakfast.

The Ottawa summer may bring an end to the Thérèse Bogen and Mironneau saga, undergo a substantial softening of basic views, there seems to be very little room for compromise on even the larger issues. As a sidebar, there will be a Canadian angle in the chemistry between another Margaret and Pierre Trudeau's attempt to whip up anti-neo-fascist fervor into support for his constitutional bill may have seriously eroded his stock by Thatcher's lights. When they parted after lunch at 10 Downing Street, there seemed to be little spontaneity and wariness on the former's part. The tight-tipped press spokesmen already had admired reporters behind the inevitable barricade that Maggie would be unsmiling by some one question on the confederation.

At his subsequent press conference, Trudeau went both ways in the issue. He stated sympathetically that the delay in a decision by the Supreme Court means that the patriation package could arrive in London for approval in the dying days of the current session, or after the summer adjournment will be late fall. If the document clears Canada with a favorable and from the court but at an inconvenient time for the Conservative government in Britain, said Trudeau, "It would be unrealistic to my part to expect them to set it with or without a sign." On the other hand, he observed, Thatcher may not look forward to having the issue "hang around over here [in London] for that many months." As for the latest state of the play, Trudeau said he still has the assurance that whenever the negotiations go in London, Thatcher "will do her best to pass the resolution." The prior for all the agency in London, however, may be vigorous opposition in Ottawa by Thatcher to Trudeau's North-South proposals.

As the leaders are fond of noting when they gather in private, the free world is not an easy place to govern. The journalists said and noted and then on their way. "That's the trouble with democracies," Trudeau shrugged last week. "They keep sending different signals. What can you do with these people?" As they stroll the spacious grounds of Montebello, or dine in a room overlooking the Ottawa River, the leaders will get their chance to reflect on the complexities of modern life. For proof, they need not look to their rear—just at the roof over their heads. Although the white lodge was built in four months 50 years ago, the new roof need not be completed for another two years.

With files from John Gray, Carol Kennedy.

Quebec

Fair is fair as sparks fly upward



Peekford! Ottawa in his corner for once.

When it comes to the equitable distribution of provocative policy, federal Energy Minister Marc Lalonde knows no favorites. He has been crushing Alberta for months over the still-undecided price of a barrel of oil, while, at the same time, nearly doubling the cost to Newfoundland who voted the Liberals back into power 36 months ago partly in the belief that energy prices would stay well below world prices (The cost of a refined barrel is already at \$28.75, up \$13 since the election and only \$1.25 short of bottom-line world prices). Then, last week, Lalonde turned his benevolent eye on, managing with one glancing shot to get Quebec Premier René Lévesque fuming, Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford gloating and gloowering simultaneously, and to break the dam of the eight-province strident front against federal interference in provincial energy matters.

At issue in Newfoundland hydroelectric power. In 1980 the Quebec government agreed to build the Churchill Falls hydroelectric project in Labrador and to lock itself into a long-term lease, buy-

ing the power at prices that were then considered extremely advantageous to Newfoundland. But that was before Ottawa prices soared. The energy crisis made Churchill Falls power look good. By 1981, when the contract ran out, Quebec will be paying energy rates the equivalent of \$1.50 for a barrel of oil and Hydro-Quebec has been happily peddling by reselling surplus power to neighboring American states at up to six times what it pays for Churchill Falls power. Newfoundland has not benefited. Although Lévesque has said he is willing to renegotiate the agreement, he refuses to do so on one point: Quebec will pay more for the Newfoundland energy but it will insist on buying and reselling the power, rather than allowing Newfoundland to export it directly through Quebec to the Americans. Last Tuesday Lalonde called draft legislation called the Energy Security Act. It amended the powers of the National Energy Board to permit the cabinet to set export prices for electricity and allow the federal government to expropriate Quebec land to give Newfoundland a power corridor. Shipped Lévesque. "It takes Quebecers elected by Quebecers to dare such a betrayal!" Lalonde bases his law on the proposed federal charter of rights clause that guarantees the free movement of people and goods across the country. Lalonde also claimed a right-of-way for hydro lines is no different than one for a gas pipeline, an argument that proved faulty on two points: the TransCanada pipeline was accepted by all provinces it crossed, and its cross-



Hydro-Quebec towers like a pipeline?

sectional impact does not compare to that of hydro transmission lines with their gigantic towers.

But ironically neither Lalonde nor Lévesque seemed to recall a 1979 precedent when TransCanada Pipelines Ltd. refused to transport natural gas from Alberta with owned by a Quebec Crown corporation. The pipeline operator insisted it had the right to buy all gas flowing through the pipe, and resell it at a use fee to eastern provinces. For his part, Premier Peckford gleefully told Lévesque that his refusal to participate in the annual Eastern Provinces-New England Governors meetings being held in St. John's would only hasten Newfoundland-American energy deals, and then he petulantly complained to Ottawa that Lalonde hadn't gone far enough. Peckford wants to use existing Hydro-Quebec transmission lines to get the power to the maritimes, whereas Lalonde's proposal would apply only to new power lines.

Though many saw the federal move as simply an attempt to pit province against province, it was the stated intent of the draft legislation that incensed Quebecers. For when the whole affair is a question of tampering upon injury. If Ottawa went ahead with its plan to expropriate Quebec land, transmission lines could be carrying power not just through Quebec territory but,

in the eyes of many, from it. Quebec has never rescinded the 1927 Perry Council decision that awarded Labrador to Newfoundland. But even the thought of unwanted power towers maintaining was enough to elicit a stern prophesy from Lévesque. "Any line built would not stay up long." —ANNE BROWN

With files from Gordon Legge.

The Northwest Territories

Traffic tickets in the sky

For more than four years Willy Laserrick, like some hero of classical mythology, has found himself pinned to the Arctic skies by cure marauders—and ran into the ground by the gale. Laserrick is a bush pilot beloved by fellow northerners for his innumerable rescue flights, but bedeviled by a tangle of charges laid by the Canadian Transport Commission in Ottawa—some relating to those same merry flights.

Almost any resident of the Northwest Territories has a chapter to add to the Laserrick legend. Now in November, 1977, he flew a search for four days for a hatter, his wife and three young children stranded in the high Arctic wearing only full clothing, found them on ice thin for a landing so dropped warm clothes to them and then landed at the

nearest settlement to send rescuers out by motorable. Now on New Year's Eve, 1977, he flew 18 consecutive hours taking an ill woman, who had already lost an eye to glaucoma, to Edmonton from Cambridge Bay for surgery urgent within 24 hours to prevent loss of her other eye. Now in March, 1978, he flew a 39-year-old boy from the same area to hospital in Yellowknife for emergency appendectomy. And how few babies have been born on his planes during his career.

Laserrick is such a recognized expert on Arctic flying that when a Panarctic Air strainer crashed into the frozen wasteland of Melville Island in 1974, killing 50 people, he was chosen as jury foreman for the much-publicized inquest. Born 45 years ago in Germany, he emigrated to Canada almost 30 years ago, the lean and dashing Laserrick has logged more than 25,000 flying hours without a serious accident. His ability to fly airplanes has not come into question, yet he seems to fly constantly afraid of air transport learning and other regulations.

It was back in 1977 that Laserrick, already a 30-year Arctic veteran, applied for a license to charter his planes out of the tiny community of Cambridge Bay on Victoria Island, many of whose 800 residents started a letter-writing campaign in his support. There was just one operator then licensed to charter out of Cambridge—the now-defunct Northwest Airlines, the Air Transport Committee (ATC) assumed, in short, that sufficient, but local, residents, to whom

Bush pilot Laserrick, adding a tangled legal chapter to an Arctic legend



air service is vital, were dismantled. (It felt, as RCMP Cpl Brent Westwood was later to testify in court, Northwest usually refused to do Mountie searches for missing hunters and fugitives to pick up bodies, while he could always count on Laersich.) At this point Laersich, frustrated by red tape and delay, made a slight course alteration, leaving his phones to licensed operators in other parts of the territories, who then took charters out of Cambridge Bay—where Laersich and his pilots at the controls.

At ATC that was a no-no and the same-mugmen began arriving in waves—no fewer than 200 of them by the time court hearings began in Yellowknife on May 4, each charging Laersich with an infraction of air regulations and each carrying a maximum penalty of a \$5,000 fine or one year in jail. His lease arrangements, said ATC, were just a front for Laersich to operate his own charter service out of Cambridge Bay. Moreover, he hadn't listed "potentially" charges on his customers, a punishable on-out-of-the-area flicker designed to protect the locally licensed operator.

Laersich countered that he felt the surcharge fair enough "if the licensed guy is providing good service...but look what they were prosecuting in Cambridge Bay." Testimony from Cpl Westwood and others bore him out. In fact, most of the 200 disputed flights made between December, 1987, and January, 1978, had been made for the territorial government. And Robert Hight, the former JPPF official who hired Laersich to fly there, told the court that Northwest often refused to fly for him or was unacceptable because "his crew was drunk or hung over." Asked by deputy territorial court judge Frank Smith how he knew, Hight replied, "Because I had been out drinking with them." Laersich was the only pilot available to fly one man to hospital where arms had been torn off by a machine. Hight recalled. And, after Northwest refused, Laersich flew drums of heating oil to an outlying settlement where the supply was so low, "we were afraid people would freeze."

Then last week, the third for the hearings, the case against Willy Laersich seemed suddenly to have been thrown into limbo by his own lawyer, when Ed Brodeur asked to have Judge Smith removed from the case for what he claimed were prejudicial comments made both in and out of court. That could mean a fresh trial and a further delay of weeks, but meanwhile Laersich got one good reason to believe the gods had not turned against him: His May 1 word had come from Edmonton that his operating certificate to fly charters out of Cambridge Bay had at last been issued by the ministry of transportation—just three days before ATC had hauled him into court. —BRYCE DEARY

British Columbia

The conquering hero moves on

Once again, when it concerned Terry Fox, the country was ahead of its leaders. Shortly before he died, the government gave in and announced it would issue a stamp honoring the 28-year-old athlete and his Marathon of Hope of last summer. "I like it," Fox said to his mother of the idea, before slipping back into a fatal sleep induced by the morphine dulling the pain from his cancer. In the last days, as the daily medical bulletins out of Royal Columbian Hospital remained bleak, the government moved to catch up with the public yearning to honor Fox again—before he died.

There was much irony in the idea of a stamp to honor a man critically ill with cancer, since the government had maintained that stamps were for dead heroes only. It was a close-run thing and yet the people who had pleaded for the stamp got their way: Terry Fox was able to secure the idea of "fox" stamp while

Hage and not Terry Fox alone." Postmaster-General André Guellet said. That ignored the fact that this was like trying to separate the dancer from the dance—as, in this case, the run from the one-legged man who made it halfway across the country last summer. A day later, Fox was awakened again to learn that a \$14-million youth centre to be built in Ottawa will carry his name.

The latest honors showed that the country's desire to respond to the courage demonstrated on his stubborn journey last year had not been exhausted. Months earlier, the ribbon-and-snowflake shape of the Order of Canada had been placed around his neck, and the premier of British Columbia draped by his parents' living room in Port Couillard to present him with the Order of the Dogwood, his native province's highest honor. The hope was that he would live to enjoy these honors even as he weakened and lost weight and the cancer forced him to return to hospital. This spring, as the cold rainy weather made his coughing worse, Simon Fraser University, where he once studied kinesiology, held its convocation and presented the Terry Fox Gold Medal to the student who exemplified his courage.



Terry Fox and wheelchair wheel, when hospitalized had full, come harsh irony

he was still alive. It is doubtful if he, or they, could afford the logistical compromise devised to keep postal tradition intact. "Strictly speaking, the stamp will commemorate the Marathon of

"In fact, there has been one living person on a Canadian stamp, in 1972 Toronto artist Peter Jones, commemorated by the post office to mark an exhibition and commemorated the historical of British immigration to Canada, portrayed himself as one of the disembarking Irish. Jones was born in Ireland

and character. Fox, who couldn't attend the ceremony, was the first winner. His death transformed a man, who had shown the human-enough traits of stubbornness and occasional irritability as his living run, into a symbol of the will to overcome. Fox had first caught the imagination of Canadians in the summer of 1980, a time when heroes and determination were scarce. The resurgence of cancer ended his run in Thunder Bay, Ont., last September, but it came too late to prevent Fox from



Wearing the Order of Canada



succeeding on his own terms. He had already raised the \$1 million for cancer research that was his original goal. Eventually, the Canadian Cancer Society received \$24 million in donations as the money rolled in as a remarkable outpouring of sympathy.

Fox returned to Vancouver seeking to profit from his own celebrity status, turning down the inevitable fast-track promotional offers. There were few public appearances, and he retreated within his circle of family and friends to continue the fight in private. People were still concerned, though, as The



Shopping across Northern Ontario, at Toronto City Hall, and the end of the run: a man succeeding on his own terms

spotted the wish for privacy of a man who had made himself nationally known. There were no signs of paparazzi trying for that last exclusive shot of Fox in hospital. His family came and went in the last days, almost unnoticed by the television reporters doing their stand-up shots on the wide lanes of the hospital.

Dr. Ladislav Anzick, the hospital's medical director and a man who sometimes had trouble reconciling his feelings for Terry Fox, delivered the medical bulletins in the last days. Incurable, the largely untreated drug which was Fox's last hope, didn't help him, didn't work against the osteogenic carcinoma, the secondary and relatively rare type of cancer that had spread from his bones into his lungs. Interferon, a protein substance produced by cells to help other cells to the presence of hostile viruses, may help other cancer patients, the B.C. government invested \$22 million in a medical foundation in Fox's name to test one type of the drug. But at the end, the hoped-for miracle drugs set aside, in constant pain, Terry Fox tried to keep smiling and joking with visitors. Self-gift was one affliction he did not have. —MALCOLM GRAY



While stage actress-dancer **Anita Gillette** went shopping for food at Toronto's trendy St. Lawrence Market, her "musical fun and laughter" efforts, set *Christopher*, 17, was working the streets looking for a job. "I make my own work," says the 190-lb. dynamo, in town for 11 weeks setting a fine example to Beala Walsh in Neil Simon's *They're Playing Our Song*. Gillette and co-star Ray Bukacinski (TV's Dr. Solomon in *Simon*) portray the sex-obsessed relationship between singer-songwriter Marvin Hamlisch, who penned the tunes for the show, and singer-lyricist Carol Bayer Sager, who has now found Hamlisch's coop with another songsmith, **Burt Bacharach**. Gillette says she regrets not being offered the role of Jerry in the poorly received film adaptation of Simon's last effort, *Chapter Two*, after she originated the part to critical acclaim on Broadway. "Maybe it's sour grapes," says Gillette, "but I don't think the play translated well on screen."

At 35, prima ballerina **Jamille Penney**, who has been dancing with Britain's Royal Ballet for 17 years, is talking about retirement. The sylphlike Canadian, who just reached superstardom last year when she won the New Standard Ballet award in London, says

being up her toes to raise a family at her house on Salaburg Island off Vancouver. "That house has been the light at the end of the tunnel for me for years," says Penney, who has holidayed there nearly every summer since she left the country at 26. Canadian audiences have an opportunity to see her perform a modern work in which, she says, "you can express yourself more freely." When the Royal Ballet performs *Kamishibi* at the Gloria at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre this month.

The snap-around-clip-along melodies of *Ruth and Sharon*, *Lola and Eve* may be the forerunners of the *Seamus Street* generation, but *Seamus* think it's about time for rock 'n' roll to ring out in the nurseries of the nation. The Toronto trio is currently recording its

own parody version of "Grease." "What we do is a sort of *Magical Mystery Tour* for kids," says Herbert. "The soft-and-simple school of song with just have to move over for Maroon 5 ballads and new wave canine tunes."

Over the past 15 years, Toronto inventor Peter Lynch has run a dance club, chaperoned stars, sold cable-tv and held 36 civil service jobs because no one was interested in his invention. But persistence paid off: Lynch's *Zipzoo*, the pocket-sized wonder that eliminates wind-fumbling, debuts this summer in Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver with many of 11 other Canadian cities and provinces to follow. The "greatest advancement in getting around" lists *he-lit*, *radio-cassette*, *radio-cass*, *skipping stones* and *toilet information* in a



The Bachelor (above), actress-dancer **Gillette** (above left) maybe **Batler** look

album certainly titled *At the Other End of the Universe*. Featuring an extra space there and songs such as *Death (Grease)* ("He was such a bad fruit/He came here to conquer in his orange space suit"/... *The Shape of Sinus* ("They're fabulous/Attractive/Alluring all the time/But you'll never get a kiss from the Slugs of Sinus") and *Robot Girl* ("Robot girl is older in the motor/When they're had too much to think"/... In classroom situations, post-credit **Robert Frost** composer **Bunga Herbert** and *Madness*-inspired **Radi McTavish** have found that the mere mention of bananas and the concept of sticky people needs propagandist rock-

legend counter-spread forests that is impossible to rebild improperly. "You can find any secret while you're waiting for a traffic light to change," says Lynch. Expecting thousands of previously befuddled travelers to pay a grateful \$7 per map, Lynch is facing the prospect of becoming a millionaire philosophically. "I've survived every other delay and indignity. If propriety is leading my way, I guess I'll live through that, too."

Lady Diana Spencer's wedding dress cost a mere \$5,000 (\$52,000) but one Hong Kong manufacturer has offered 10 times that price—just to get an advance look at it. Within 36 hours of the gown's debut, retailers are expected to be a million-dollar business. To

fell premature peekers, Lady Di's harem-fetish unknown designers, **David and Elizabeth Emanuel**, have destroyed all their preliminary sketches of the work and have sworn their staff to secrecy, while the Royal Family posted a round-the-clock guard on the wedding. Such security leaves *Elmington's* Theatre Network with no hope of authenticity when it hosts its capital ball on July 29, complete with the winners of its *Lady Di* and *Prince Charles* look-alike contest. **Queen Mary Stewart**, who stipulates applicants may look like either of the royal couple but not both, describes the "para-theatrical" event as a 1970s party for non-formal invitation holders.

In early June, when the *Frederator Daily Gleaner* dropped **Gray Tren** due to its popular comic strip, *Zoozoozoo*, because it "contained language which we felt to be offensive" (i.e., the words "knocked up"), the paper was hit by an angry barrage of protests by local *Zoozoozoo* writers. One letter writer, **Tom Andrew**, the province's deputy minister of fisheries, accused the merits of other strips found on the *Gleaner* comic page. He pointed up "Spudman's violence and strongly superficial sexual relationships," and declared that *Met & Jiff* needed "a knockout for proper social values." After three weeks, the



The strip that offended the *Gleaner*, and night impressionist **Jim Carrey**

Gleaner declared that "the funny page should be funny," and explained: "Discriminatory is now running on its letter page."

Although shuttle king **Henry Kissinger** once had the American media rattling out of his hand, he recently failed to impress the scandal-hunters at New York's powerful Council on Foreign Relations. "Super-K" finished ninth in a race-for-right places on the board. "This was just a *Kiss*," explained **Winston Lord**, a former Kissinger protégé at the state department who is now president of the Council. *Wane* a week later, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld a ruling in which Kissinger (along with **Richard Nixon** and **James Michener**) may be accountable for damages to another for-

mer aide, **Morton Halperin**, in an alleged phone wiretapping authorized during the Nixon administration. But no need to worry about Henry: New York magazine just named him one of the Big Apple's wealthiest men with the largest amount of that most-pressed metropolitan quality—social stamina.

When Canada's famed poet **Irving Layton** married one of his York University students, **Harriet Bernstein**, nearly three years ago, the bride's parents, who stipulated applicants may look like either of the royal couple but not both, describes the "para-theatrical" event as a 1970s party for non-formal invitation holders.



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—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS

Arm now and talk later

Arms control talks are on the back burner as Reagan's team chooses its weapons

By Michael Posner

Secure in August, the Reagan administration will confront two tough and far-reaching defense decisions: what to do about the MX missile and the B-1 bomber. On Pentagon drafting boards far more than a decade, the MX is America's newest generation of intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM), designed to replace an aging and increasingly vulnerable arsenal of land-based Minuteman IIs and IIIs, which themselves form the core of U.S. nuclear deterrence. As originally conceived, some 300 MX missiles—each carrying 10 nuclear warheads—were to have been shuffled continuously among 4,000 underground sites in the Great Basin of Utah and Nevada. In the zero-sum-paralyzed world of the military, this elaborate civil game was known as "shoot-100-for-multiple-probable-shoot-100" for multiple probable shoot-100 plan. Its root assumption: with less than five per cent of the sites occupied at any one time, the Soviet Union would never be able to predict accurately where the U.S. missiles were located.

But while few question the looming vulnerability of the present ICBMs, many influential voices have declared stiff opposition to the MX system. At a June seminar, MX deployment will cost American taxpayers \$48 billion, if the ground design was fully implemented, the final bill could reach \$121 billion by 1985—early the most expensive undertaking in history, military or civilian. Others oppose it as an environmental disaster, arguing that its construction would wreck unspeakable havoc on the fragile desert ecology. Even strategically there are reasons to believe the MX system is less than it seems. New satellite technology, a congressional report suggested last week, might permit the Soviets to detect which shelters contain missiles and which did not. In conversation, the arguments add up to substantial political pressure. In Utah, the Mormon Church has taken a firm stand against MX. Last week, two western senators, Utah's Jake Garn and Nevada's Paul Laxton—Ronald Reagan's closest congressional confidants—expressed their opposition to the president. But some other way to deploy it.

There are other hazy options, as the congressional report outlined, but none is risk-free. Putting the MX in existing Minuteman sites offers no strategic ad-



Soviet army parades, and (below from left) Brezhnev, Weinberger and Rostow advise nations should grasp any opportunity to reduce the nuclear threat



antage. Being an antisatellite missile defense system to protect MX shelters would mean an arms race in defensive weapons. Within the U.S. military establishment, there is some support for a sea-based MX, but at present the missile is too large to be fitted on the navy's nuclear submarines. Moreover, if the Reagan administration were to choose a sea-based system, it is likely its NATO allies would quickly press for naval deployment of the theatre nuclear weapons it wants to site on land, to the mounting objections of European's left wing. In short, fitting the MX is a considerable dilemma. A blue-ribbon panel of non-government experts is expected to deliver its final report to Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger early this month.

That decision is complicated by a second controversy on the merits of constructing the B-1 strategic bomber (at as much as a tidy \$200 million each) or its alternative, the radar-guided Stealth bomber, to replace the B-58s that will be obsolete by the end of the decade if Reagan chooses the B-1, which had already cost \$7.5 billion be-

fore Jimmy Carter cancelled it, the Stealth bomber will be delayed for lack of funds. If he chooses Stealth, however, Soviet advances may already have made the B-1 impossible, the nation will have to wait to secure the nuclear trade.

Whatever Reagan's choice, it is bound to carry profound implications for U.S. foreign policy. The administration is even now facing increasing pressure to engage the Soviet Union in serious arms limitation or arms reduction talks. An it did in 1989, shortly after Richard Nixon's invasion, Moscow has been holding out a long carrot to Washington, offering immediate negotiations in strategic and theatre nuclear forces. With the fate of Poland hovering perpetually as the bribe, it does not hurt Leonid Brezhnev to be perceived as the eager proponent, especially since the Russians, now so power and close to France their policies, are scarcely liable to accept the offer.

The Reagan response has been in some respects not unlike Nixon's. Trying to go one better, the president has suggested he is more interested in actually reducing the number of weapons

than in the shortest and difficult-to-verify limits set out in the still unratified 1979 SALT II agreement. At the same time the administration has repeatedly insisted, as Nixon did, that any serious arms talks with Moscow must be linked to the Kremlin's actions around the globe—intervention in Poland by Warsaw pact forces being the principal American concern. Predictably, the Soviets have rejected such linkage, but it appears they need arms control agreements more urgently than does the U.S. But even so, American, including Gerald Smith, chief negotiator at the SALT talks, believe limitation treaties ought not to be made conditional on the actions in the other areas of a rival nation. When Smith is finally, a chronicle of SALT II, "in this nuclear age, living under the threat of almost instant destruction... adversary nations should grasp any opportunity to reduce that threat." Such agreements have, Smith contends, "independent value."

Looking beyond the rhetoric, few analysts doubt the two sides will meet when the moment is mutually propitious. The White House likes to say that the process is already under way, evidenced by Secretary of State Alexander Haig's continuing dialogue with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin. But this is talk, not negotiation. The first significant encounter will come this fall at the special UN session on disarmament, where Haig will meet his Soviet counterpart, Andrei Gromyko. Nevertheless, formal negotiations are unlikely until next spring. As Eugene Borovoy, design-

ated head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, candidly told his Senate confirmation hearing last week "Maybe a brilliant light will strike our officials, but I don't know anyone who knows what it is yet that we want to negotiate about."

The longer it takes to begin negotiating SALT II at an existing SALT II, the more strain will be placed on Washington's relations with Europe. Commencing in 1983, five NATO nations have agreed in principle to host 320 cruise and Pershing II missiles, intermediate nuclear weapons that constitute the alliance's answer to the Soviet Union's mobile SS-20. But their agreement is contingent on simultaneous progress toward arms limitation.

To these diplomatic delicacies has now been added another potential difficulty—the effectiveness of the cruise missile itself. Recent studies have raised questions about the weapon's performance, in 10 missile launches, one crashed, and changes may be required before the first 168 units—announced for Britain in December, 1983—can be installed.

It all amounts to a confusing matrix, obscured by claims from both sides about the other's arms buildup or withheld advantage. Out of it must somehow emerge commitments by Western and American allies to begin reducing their immense nuclear armories. Or else, as Brezhnev warned, there is nothing ahead but general apocalyptic.

By Dick Simon, Jack Charles in Moscow and Al West in London



Cruise missile (above), and after its conception of an MX missile ready for launching from an underground site. Moscow has been holding out a long carrot



France

Unexpected bedfellows

Charles Fiterman once mused aloud that if he ever lost his job, he could always drive a taxi. It ought not to prove an immediate worry, and heck, he'd be in the right place to take Communist party leader Georges Marchais, having just lost his parliamentary seat to a Socialist, found himself instead not only at the helm of France's transport ministry but the star attraction of the Elysee palace's cocktail parties. It was, apparently, just to the left of President Francois Mitterrand, who had waged international war for domestic tranquillity by inviting four Communists into the inner sanctum of cabinet.

As a husband of photographic star-faded Fiterman, who has three children in his second year, the first Communist ministerial appointees in a major Western country in more than three decades—the shock waves spread well beyond France's borders. For many, the new men still are not doing much better than the old. In the wake of the staggering Socialist 285-out swing of the 481-seat National Assembly, which left the Communists reduced to 14 per cent of the vote and halved their voices to a mere 44, the pundits were busy bawling the fact that Mitterrand no longer needed the Communists that they failed to appreciate that it was precisely because he no longer needed them that he could afford the luxury of including them in government.

It was a calculation that Washington, above all, failed to make—to that when Vice-President George Bush arrived at the Elysee for his lunch with Mitterrand, just minutes after Wednesday's historic cabinet meeting, his drivers were busy bawling the fact that Mitterrand no longer needed the Communists that they failed to appreciate that it was precisely because he no longer needed them that he could afford the luxury of including them in government.

For the rest, much of the panic in the North American media about Communist ministers having access to allied defense secrets betrayed a basic ignorance of the workings of France's presidential system. After 70 years headliners

reporting Mitterrand's alleged assurance that all security decisions would be taken in restricted discussions which wouldn't include the four Communist ministers, but the truth is that all major decisions are made that way, this cabinet frequently hearing of policy only just ahead of the public.

Nor were the Communist parties—transport to Flersheim, health in Saint-Raphaël, a 53-year-old editor, journalist for the party only 27, Mitterrand, vocational training to 53-year-old party deputy Marcel Rigout and the ministry of public service and administrative reforms in a respected party economist and minister, 36-year-old Auguste Le Penseur—major or sensitive ones. What they did signal was that Mitter-



rand, were directly anti-Soviet and pro-humanism but, nonetheless, does not intend to be pushed around internationally. And the White House ought not to have been surprised at what the Paris daily *Le Monde* called his sangfroid. Two weeks ago, on his first trip to Washington, Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson had warned that allied objections to the appointment of Communist ministers would be met with the answer "It's none of your business."

That was precisely the view in Ottawa. After the storm blown up by Mitterrand was clearly taken aback when Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau flew in for his 18-hour visit and pronounced conflict and failed to breach the dread topic it was Mitterrand himself who finally brought the subject up and, despite Trudeau's protests that it didn't bother Canada, insisted on an explanation. Certainly Trudeau was astute to recognize that it wouldn't be merely to comment on another country's internal affairs. It is just that principle the federal government's mission in Canada is to respect its mission in Quebec, and Mitterrand reportedly reiterated over lunch that he would never do anything to upset Canada's equilibrium.

In fact, the predictions of international peace over Mitterrand's cabinet surprise failed to materialize. The three wars were by barely three centimes, the



Communist ministers (from left) Le Pen, Flémeau, Rigout and Rellie, shock waves spread well beyond France's borders



Mitterrand (above left) and Rigout, Marchais (below) entered by the back garden door



stock exchange went up and, in Bonn, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt put things in perspective with the gap that Communist ministers were? "an infectious disease."

Some of his (and Trudeau's) equanimity may spring from the fact that once upon the aggressive Mitterrand had proved himself a bit of a connoisseur of catfishing critics on every side. Those who had been busy chortling about his opportunism in using the Communists to come to power now found themselves faced with a president who remained faithful to the division rule for a united left, which he first made an axiom over the deposed Socialist Party 10 years

ago. In sparring the Communists, who had already helped vote him into office, he would have raised not only their opposition to his policies in parliament but, worse, their defiance on the factory floors. In the intricate accords created last week, the Communists agreed to co-operate at regional and municipal levels, where they held considerable power in France, as well as nationally and, more important, in industry as well.

Internationally, Mitterrand managed to silence them at a price that left them "in their knees," as the daily *Libération* put it. By signing an appeal for the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan and a testament to the Polish right to self-determination, the French Communist party, which had lost the most righteous pro-Moscow line of any in the West, effectively disowned itself from the Kremlin.

The capitalization, which locked the central committee into a six-hour debate in its steel and glass headquarters, calls into question the leadership of party chief Marchais, who acknowledged that his deteriorated flock will be hoodwinked in internal self-examination for some time to come. That ideological battle will reinforce their reluctance to raise a racket for at least the next two years—just the time Mitterrand needs. So one in the Socialist Party dares to look further now.

The Spanish ex-Communist writer Jorge Semprun has headed the French Communists as being "without doubt the most stupid, the most hypocritical and the most sinister of all the Communists." His assessment draws in part from the fact that such time they have passed the threshold of power, they have ultimately found it more comfortable to forsake their own country's interests for those of the Soviets. Some pundits predict that their recent decision will prevent a repetition of this process and continue to make them dependent on the Socialists. Others say that after prolonged rest and recuperation they will force a rupture to prove their independent muscle. In that case, Charles Flerbaum might find a tax increase rather useful. —MARC MONTAGNO

Africa

Breakthroughs among the feuding

The point had often been made before at meetings of the Organization of African Unity (OAU). "We make speeches and speeches," said President Omar Bongo of the oil-rich central African country of Gabon. "But it's no good unless they take us much further forward." Bongo, one of 31 heads of government assembled in Nairobi, Kenya, for last week's 15th annual summit of the OAU, was supporting a suggestion by Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere that leaders should keep their addresses short since there was "important business to get through."

Indeed there was. Key agenda items that threatened to be squandered by the self-congratulatory and irrelevant oratory of such men as Master Sergeant Samuel Doe of Liberia (who murdered his predecessor, President William Tolbert, in 1980 while Tolbert was chairman of the OAU), included:

- The urgent need to solve the problem of Western Sahara (see map).
- A confrontation between Sudanese President Gaafar Nimeiri, who closed an embassy in Tripoli during the OAU meeting, and Libyan leader Muammar Khadafi over Chad.
- The bitter border quarrel between Somalia and Ethiopia, who fought a war in 1977-78 over the Ogaden, and.
- The future of Namibia, where attempts to achieve UN-supervised elec-

tions by five Western countries, including Canada, seemed to have stalled thanks to a pincer-led tilt by the Reagan administration to the desires of the occupying power, South Africa.

At the outset, Namibia seemed to be the only subject on which member states agreed. There was wide support for President Sam Nujoma of the South-West African People's Organization, in his criticism of what he called "the emerging ashly alliance between Washington and Pretoria." Moves to establish a South Atlantic Treaty Organization involving the U.S., South Africa and South African countries, were described as a threat that could engulf Africa.

On inter-African issues there was less unanimity. Nevertheless, the OAU scorned its detractors by taking an unanimous step forward over the



Nimeiri's trying to keep Khadafi off balance

Western Sahara. For the past, the guerrillas, armed by Algeria, have fought in the independence of the north-west territory, formerly Spanish Sahara, from



Western Sahara. First Libya, the principal armorer of the Polisario guerrillas, offered mediation in their dispute with Morocco. Then, much to deploration, Morocco's King Hassan announced, in a major reversal of policy, that he was ready to hold a referendum in the disputed territory.

Over Chad, too, an apparent roadblock was cleared. A resolution approved Saturday called on member states to recognize and support the "transitional government" of President Goukouni Oueddei. Much to Libyan delight, the resolution did not call for the immediate withdrawal of Libyan forces, authorizing instead the formation of a pan-African peacekeeping force to replace "foreign troops."

As the summit drew to a close two major issues remained the Ogaden, and who would be the next chairman and host of the OAU. On the first, delegates were expected to endorse resolutions with a call that existing boundaries should be respected. As for the chairmanship, last year's choice of Khadafi was likely to remain undisturbed despite a strongly worded speech from Nimeiri, who claimed the Libyan leader had only turned up for one of the 38 summits, in Kampala, "to say hello to his good friend Mr. Assad." "Pears that Khadafi is a destabilizing influence, however, were not so great as these that if the OAU blackballed him his currently helpful attitude might change." —GEORGE HANCOCK

China

For Hua, the die is cast

After nearly two weeks of secret sessions, held in sweltering heat in a government guest house in western Peking, the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party appeared last week to have completed its task. Six months behind schedule, the more than 300-member body had reportedly succeeded in hammering out a consensus on the political fate of Chairman Hua Guofeng and on the removal of the Great Helmsman himself, Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Endorsement of those decisions, reached after political bargaining between Mao loyalists and supporters of Vice-Chairman Deng Xiaoping, was expected this week before the 4th January session of the 11th Party Congress.

Although Chinese officials set a clock of silence over the meetings, indications were that Deng had achieved a compromise whereby his opponents would back his effort to oust Hua and pursue economic and political reforms

laria criminal defense attorney, pointed out, it will take a great deal to convince a jury that microscopic analysis can link one to an act or an alibi with one suspect. At worst's end no further charges had been brought and, despite one investigator's hope, no one had come forward with incriminating information to disturb Wayne Williams' prison cell peace. □

The tables turn on gambling

Pat Barron believed there was a darker hour every minute, but Atlantic City is proving him wrong. After three years of operation, the blackjack casinos have failed to attract sufficient numbers of free-spending junkies. As a result, four of the seven gaming and resort hotels have re-

sponded, with announced plans to expand by 3,000 rooms. Two more hotel casinos are scheduled to open this summer. But the reported demographic changes have persuaded several other large developers—MGM and Hilton among them—to delay, perhaps indefinitely, plans to build their own complexes.

To fill their cavernous gambling halls, casino operators have resorted to special day-trip packages catering to the low-spending "in-and-out" trade. "Once day-trippers come down, have a nice stroll on the boardwalk, and never come near the casinos," says Peter Tyson of Lasearch and Horwitz, a Philadelphia consulting firm which specializes in financial analyses of the leisure industry. "Casino operators are going to have to attract a far more upscale clientele," says Benjamin Renshaw, spokesman for the New Jersey Casino Control Commission.

Casino owners, however, blame many

things, as currently on trial in Las Vegas for attempting to defraud the Teamsters' union of \$1 million. Worse, a former member of the casino commission, Kenneth N. MacDonald, has been indicted in an Atlantic protection he is accused of accepting \$100,000 from a phony Arab sheik. Overall, crime in Atlantic City has risen some 170 per cent since the first casinos opened its doors.

Gerald Lynch, former head of the New York State Casino Gambling Study Panel which recommended a legalization of casino gambling in New York two years ago, last week publicly changed his mind. New Jersey's experience had shown that New York could not run a gambling operation that would be "corruption free," he said. Other New York opponents of gambling point out that although the casinos have brought added employment to Atlantic City, they have done little to re-



Resorts international and endemic (right) and nearby urban decay, *Calvin 22*

of their problems on the control commission. They claim that New Jersey's strict regulations require so many more supervisory personnel that it is 40 per cent more expensive to run an operation there than in Nevada. Even so, there are recurrent rumors of attempts by the Mob to invade it. Two weeks ago, New Jersey Attorney General James R. Zoellner recommended that the nation's largest casino operator, the Del E. Webb Corp., be denied permission to operate in New Jersey. The corporation, rumored to have underworld connec-

tioned local business as to upgrade delinquent property out of sight of the Boardwalk tourists.

Present problems notwithstanding, however, few players are ready to write off the tawdry pleasure palaces of Atlantic City. In an industry where the odds are permanently stacked in favor of the house, hard times sorely tempt *Casino City*. "Even with the bad last quarter, the long-range prospects look good," says Steven Rosenberg, an analyst for Bear, Stearns & Co. "In all, the gambling industry in Atlantic City grossed \$1.2 billion in 1980, and that's hardly shabby chicken liver."

—RITA CHRISTOPHER

SPORTS

Speeding to the Canada Cup

Winty thoughts come early this year as the NHL begins to assemble its all-stars

By Hal Quinn

As the boys of winter are preparing for an August start to their season, the Canadian brass trust, headed by Calgary Flames general manager Cliff Fletcher, aided by Irving Grossman of the Canadian and Bill Torrey of the Islanders, has emphasized speed, as

Clarke in his midwest. After a series of intrasquad games the 34 hopefuls will be trimmed to 20 or 24 players in time for the tournament opener in Montreal. In making the invitations late last week, the Canadian brass trust, headed by Calgary Flames general manager Cliff Fletcher, aided by Irving Grossman of the Canadian and Bill Torrey of the Islanders, has emphasized speed, as



Engleman (above) Girtyky (left) playing against Giffey in Toronto last year's search for the fleet of ice and snow

Even without the absence of major league baseball and despite the fact that Team Canada will open intrasquad camp in an air-conditioned retreat from next month's heat, the series should attract worldwide attention. In four cities (five games in Edmonton and Montreal, two each in Winnipeg and Quebec City), in early September, the best players in the world will attempt to match the excitement of Canada's 21 overtime victory over Czechoslovakia in the final game of the first cup in 1976. And the teams will be stronger than in the first edition.

The 34 players comprising the Canadian team will not be announced until next week, but last week Engleman said, "Yes, it's very likely..." that the following players would be invited to camp: Minnesota North Star Steve Sartorius, Montreal Canadiens Steve Scott, Guy Lafleur, Larry Robinson and Bob Guay, New York Islanders Bob Hawes, Denis Potvin, Clark Gillen and Bryan Trottier, Philadelphia Flyers Bill Barber, Beto Wilson and Ken Leeson, Edmonton Oilers Wayne Gretzky, Los Angeles King Marcel Dionne and Pittsburgh Penguins Randy Carlyle. It is also likely that Toronto Maple Leaf Darryl Sittler, who scored the overtime goal in '76, will be accompanied by his absence will be most members of the 1976 team. Only eight of those who played five years ago are likely to arrive at training camp.

The team will be coached by Scotty Bowman of the Buffalo Sabres, who will have Philadelphia flyer all-star Bobby

the principal ingredient needed to handle the European teams. Those teams—the U.S.S.R., Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Finland and the U.S.—will be on good or better than five years ago. As Engleman points out, "The Czechs will be hurt by the loss of the Blazinas [Blazinas, Anton and Peter all defected to join the Quebec Nordiques] but they did the Soviets in their last tournament meeting. They also have a guy rated by the NHL, scoring heroics as the best 19-year-old player [Dobek], in the world." The Soviets will have 32 players in the NHL, to draw on, and the U.S., Engleman notes, will have a young defense with proven names Mark Howe, Red Langway, Ken Morrow, Dave Langevin. Says Engleman: "There has also been an agreement reached with the other hockey federations that a player can play for a country if he has been there or holds that country's passport. A special request was made for [Chicago Black Hawk goalie] Tony Esposito and so will be with the U.S. team."

Engleman rains the Soviets and Canada as 24 (formerly Sweden at 24, Czechoslovakia 24, the U.S. 24 and the Finns 24). The final is scheduled for Sept. 13. That day the Expos are supposed to play the Chicago Cubs. Hockey may be the only game in town. □



What Sugar wants, Sugar gets

Even the age of the playing cards, dice, dominoes, the human skull and uncooked chicken wasn't enough in the Houston Astrodome last Thursday night the supposed beneficiary of a Ugandan witch doctor's alchemy failed to penetrate the boxing wustiness of Sugar Ray Leonard. The good doctor, Ben Njiraba, attempted to hit Leonard and cast his conjurymen, Ayub Kaku, a secondhand owner of his World Boxing Association (wba) junior middleweight title. But Leonard, the World Boxing Council's (wbc) welterweight champion, was seeing the future clearly—possibly the most lucrative fight in boxing history—and added Kaku's title to his belt in the sixth round.

Although Leonard has fought only 21 times as a professional, he is already the sport's most amply rewarded. After a gold medal at the 1976 Montreal Olympics, he signed a multimillion-dollar tv contract for his bouts, collected \$4.5 million for losing his title to Roberto Duran, \$6 million for winning it back and \$2.5 million for taking Kaku's. His previous purses will be rendered paltry by his next fight, in September in a match he was looking toward last week. Leonard will meet Thomas Hearns, who holds the Wba's half of the welterweight title. Even McGraw could safely predict a \$50-million gross for that one.



Leonard kisses Kaku after beating Kaku (left), perhaps the best welterweight ever

Beyond republishing Muhammad Ali as the only crowd draw in boxing, Leonard, at 34, has demonstrated that he may already be one of the greatest welterweights ever. To delineate the previously undefeated Kaku, Leonard had added 30 lb and moved up a division. He appeared in control of the fight until the seventh round, when Kaku landed two solid right-hand blows and followed with a right hook that staggered Leonard. Kaku took the eighth round but suddenly, with little time left in the ninth, Leonard bent the champion with a right. As the Ugandan staggered, Leonard landed a left hook followed by

a right that dropped him.

There were only six seconds left in the round but the referee, Carlos Berrocal of Panama, stopped the fight when Kaku stepped his feet. The Kaku camp plans to file a protest.

But nothing will deter the long-awaited showdown with Hearns, who easily turned back a challenge by Pablo Barrera as the same card in Houston. Leonard will drop back to 147 lb for that one and is already talking about plans to take on the middleweight champion at 160 lb. So far, at least, whenever Sugar wants, Sugar gets.

—HAL QUINN

A whip-to-mouth existence

"He [trainer Duke Campbell] took a look at my feet and, wads, said, 'You don't look like you'll grow too much,' and the next day I went to work at K.P. Taylor's Windfields Farm in Oshawa." That was 1965, and those days of mucking out stalls and galloping horses in the morning provided Sandy Hawley with the foundation for his extraordinary career as a rider of thoroughbreds.

Hawley graduated to Toronto's Woodbine racetrack in 1968 and the following year began rewriting the North American record books. He led the Ontario jockeys seven times during the '70s, breaking Bill Shoemaker's 20-year-old record for most winners in a year by scoring with 525 mounts in 1973. He was North American riding champion that year and three times since.

In 1975 he stepped his back to Florida and had a great season. Although the

following year wasn't as good, he decided to try California. Now, with a rare foray elsewhere—to Woodbine last Saturday to ride Rosie Bray in the Canadian Oaks where he went off as the favorite, but came home a dismal fifth, Hawley, 35, compares modestly as the western California driver.

"Life here is just as fast as you want to make it," he says. "I train Canada but

this is getting to be my home base."

Hawley has a knack for making conflicting horses run long before most jockeys start using their whips. Hawley experiments—slapping his mount down the shoulder, the neck, across the rump, left and right sides, hand-riding fearfully and even yelling in protest at his little extra effort. This Gene Krupa of the middle carnival can outdo other horses when he switches the whip from one hand to the other, his mouth is the transfer post. The world's winningest rider, Bill Shoemaker, remembers: "The first time I went head-to-head with him down the lane I looked over to see how he was doing. There he was with his whip in his mouth and I thought to myself, 'Anyone who has to do that can't go to make it down here.'"

But Hawley recently became the youngest rider to reach the 400-win plateau.

His riding style will never be confused with the elusive "seat" and sensitive hands of Shoemaker, but Hawley will bring in close to \$5 million in purses this year, and discuss \$460,000 with the taxman.

—BOBBY EISENBERG

Hawley: Gene Krupa of the backstretch



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The French connection



Teesside Kidd Creek mine of Teesdale, Ont., sectional view in a power play

By Anthony Whittingham

Scarcely a month after a traumatic battle with its major shareholder—the federal government—over its role as a profit-oriented investment company vs. its role as a promoter of Canadian policy interests, the Canada Development Corp. (CDC) last week pulled off a brilliant coup which seems to combine both priorities in one deft stroke. A complex scheme finalized last week promises to give the CDC control of two major resource holdings currently in foreign hands. Friday's joint announcement by the CDC and Franco's Société Nationale Elf Aquitaine (SNEA) gives immediate 49-per-cent control of Aquitaine Co. of Canada Ltd. to the CDC for \$760 million, to be followed by an additional 28 per cent at a later date.

CDC's Hampton disallows rumormongers



giving the CDC a total interest of 75 per cent in what is probably the largest non-integrated foreign-held energy exploration company in Canada, for a total price of \$1.1 billion. SNEA, meanwhile, can rely on the CDC to tender its 37-per-cent controlling block of shares in Teesside Ltd. of Stamford, Conn., a separate bid by the French company to take over the U.S.-based mineral and chemical giant, in return for which, plan says additional cash, SNEA will split Teesside into two divisions and give the Canadian assets to the CDC.

If it sounds complicated, it is. The key to the deal clearly lies in the fact that each of the two companies has something the other wants—a brain trust that apparently eluded both sides during more than a year of demurely mail-marting between SNEA and the CDC about "Canadianizing" Aquitaine. Indeed, says Cynthia Belkoff, an Aquitaine spokeswoman in Calgary, local Aquitaine management was "so convinced the French parent had no interest in selling off its Canadian assets" that the company went ahead on its own initiative last month to set up a preliminary joint venture arrangement with Vancouver's Trek Corp. aimed at increasing Aquitaine's eligibility for federal government grants under the National Energy Program.

If there is a wild card in the deck, it may yet be played by directors and management of Teesside—the company whose role is key to the transaction but which apparently was not consulted prior to the SNEA-CDC announcement. It is unlikely that Teesside will

appreciate playing the role of sacrificial lamb in a power play between two non-CDs companies, even though five of its 11 directors are Canadians and three are direct CDC appointees. In light of growing hostility among U.S. corporations toward the rise in takeovers by Canadian companies, the extra-CDC conclusion is almost certain to prompt a hail of protest from politicians. Last week's separate but parallel \$2.6-billion bid by Montreal's Beogran Co. Ltd. for 41 per cent of Conoco Ltd., also of Stamford, is not likely to make Canadian-American relations any easier. What remains to be seen is whether the U.S. will actually respond with retaliatory measures. For the CDC, only 9 years old but already Canada's 17th largest corporation, the result after May's battle with the government must be sweet. Whether the Teesside deal goes through or not, CDC has captured Aquitaine—and CDC President Anthony Hampton in turn may at least have won the grudging respect of his sometime scepticists in Ottawa. ☐

For whom the Belzberg tolls

As last it appears Ben Belzberg will gain his long-sought berth in the eastern financial establishment. For several glorious weeks, Belzberg's First City Financial Corp. of Vancouver accustomed only delaying tactics blocking his bid to take over Canada Permanent Mortgages Corp. of Toronto, the country's third-largest trust company with assets of \$5.5 bil-

lion. Belzberg had his dark hours



Buy Canadian, sell Canadian

The new industrial strategy promoted by Trudeau in the 1980 election campaign so far has involved little more than a dozen in the eye of industry, Trade and Commerce Minister Herb Gray. Yet the unresolved issue of industrial revitalization remains pressing—as seen in two separate reports released last week in Ottawa. One recommends stiff pressure to ensure maximum Canadian participation and benefits from an esti-

mate \$400-billion in major projects be-



lieve. While Eric Brown, CanPerm's on-site president, slipped lunches to rally the beleaguered trust company's defenses, Belzberg, the feisty 52-year-old dynamo from the West, scoffed free drinks and hors d'oeuvres at mid-afternoon meetings designed to intro-duce himself to Toronto's investment dealers. And last Friday, CanPerm's shareholders responded to his share exchange offer—estimated to be worth \$800 million—by tendering approximately 70 per cent of the shares, making First City the fish that swallowed bigger game.

It came in spite of a last ditch "white knight" effort by Greater Corp. of Vancouver—a construction, land development and financial services conglomerate, 10 times CanPerm's size—to purchase shares for \$30 each.

Belzberg's struggle to be as well-known on Toronto's Bay Street as he is in Vancouver has had its dark hours. He was released in a 1979 bid for Metropolitan Trust Co. of Toronto and again last year when he tried to take over the New York-based Bache Group Inc. stock brokerage house. Now analysts are waiting for his aggressive approach to breathe new life into the slow-moving CanPerm. As Belzberg prophetically told a Toronto press conference several weeks ago: "I'm sure you'll be seeing a little less of me here."

—DAVID CHARTER

estimated \$400-billion in major projects between now and the year 2000. The second report, the formation of a national trading company to boost Canada's shipping share on world export markets. Both take their nationalistic and interventionist tone from last fall's radical National Energy Program (NEP). But there are significant stumbling blocks in the way before either could be adopted in the major industrial policy statement expected from the Liberal government as early as this fall.

Of the two reports, the more important—entitled *Major Canadian Proj-*

ects: *Major Canadian Opportunities*—is the product of more than two years of soul-searching by an 18-member task force of business and labor leaders. The 96-page report, headed by Bob Blair, president of SNCI, an Alberta Corporation, and Shirley Carr, vice-president of the Canadian Labour Congress, recommends that companies undertaking major projects (above \$100 million each) should be required to do their bit for Canadianization—even if it means paying up to three per cent extra to buy equipment and supplies from domestically controlled firms. Herb Gray, im-

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mediately welcomed this new report for its authoritative status and, but "touch of the thrust of the report is similar to things I've been saying across the country." Asks task force member John Ballou, president of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business: "It's one of the most exciting opportunities the country has ever had."

But there are clouds ahead for Blair's span. Backing by the provinces was notable for the one exception—Alberta, the only province not to assign an observer to the task force. And Rowland Fraser, chairman of the Royal Bank of Canada, and one of several prominent corporate observers who dented from the report's recommendations, said the task force's nationalistic thrust is "detrimental to the future economic well-being of Canadians" because of potential damage to Canada's relations with trading partners, particularly the U.S.

While the first report is protectionist, inevitably the second aims, in part, to combat increasing protectionism. Retitled Canada's Trade Challenge, the re-

CANADA'S TRADE CHALLENGE



Parliamentary committee report

Adventures in the inn trade

The telephone does not ring—it pings. In a continental aerie as polished as the marble lobbyboard on which the phone rests, the concierge asks when roomier would prefer his complimentary bottle of 18-year-old Canadian whisky. Just a sample of the VIP service offered by downtown Toronto's King Edward hotel, which last week became the latest entry into the country's luxury hotel market as it reopened after nearly two years and a \$35-million renovation. The ehemalige that the 322-room hotel (first opened in 1907) hopes to attract trends in style. And, for \$58 and up per room, the London, England-based Franchise Fortis Inc. management promises to cushion for every stay in understated and overstaffed elegance.

The Canadian debut of Franchise Fortis, the world's largest hotel and catering conglomerate (\$10 hotels, annual sales of \$1.9 billion), may be the most significant development in the \$6-billion-plus industry since Scott's Hospitality Inc. took over from Holiday Inns as the country's largest hoteliers by merging with the Scott-Kentucky-Franch chicken holdings in 1976. Dominated by huge chains, the industry suffered from overbuilding in the 1970s. The glut forced the closing of Toronto's Lord Simcoe and the King Edward, and the sale of The Fort Garry in Winnipeg, hotels already in their decade show, with occupancy rates expected to drop slightly to about 70 per cent across the country

this year, newly appointed Plaza Group of Hotels President Frank Ormston says the prevailing wisdom—from Victoria's Empress to the Hotel Nova Scotia in Halifax—is to restore the faded glory of the industry's denizens.

The most elusive element in the trade—in which differences in hospital-



Peter Richard (above), King Edward a trick picked up in Malaysia

part caused by the special parliamentary committee, headed by Liberal MP Jean Fries, expressed alarm at Canada's shrinking share of world trade. The report notes that Canada's share had dropped to 3.4 per cent in 1979 from 4.9 per cent in 1973. To improve this deteriorating situation, the committee calls for a national trading corporation to help medium-sized and small companies find and expand markets abroad. The committee put forward wildly optimistic estimates of new export potential increases of up to \$14 billion but many in business see the whole idea as scarcely more government intervention. "We're not convinced that just attention to marketing will solve Canada's problems," said Tom Burns, president of the Canadian Export Association. The MEP, however, goes ahead on business objectives. A pity for Canadian manufacturers that industrial strategy fails to arouse similar and among the politicians—or the populace.

—LEE WHITTINGTON AND GILLIAN MACKEY

ity are as subtly graded up and down the scale as they are marked at either end—in marketing and competition for the business executives who comprise 50 per cent of the industry's guests. At the King Edward they make sure the start of the toilet paper roll in every bathroom is folded neatly to form a V. It's a trick that 37-year-old Yorkshire-born General Manager Peter Richard picked up in Malaysia. As Denis Perfano, executive vice-president of the Hotel Association of Canada, says: "It's not like any retail business: we can't put on a sale to sell yesterday's empty rooms."

—DAVID COATES



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Cancelled due to lack of interest

Because of few funding sources and low morale, public interest groups are in jeopardy

By Val Ross

By the time it finally won a four-year fight to keep a uranium refinery out of the dairy farming community of Warren, Sask., the energy committee of the Shaskatoon Environment Society had ceased to be. The self-appointed score of amateurs—including a carpenter, a bookstore owner and a couple of high school teachers—were drained by the cash shortages that plague citizen groups everywhere. Ever since January, 1976, when news of the proposed refinery first hit town, they had pooled over nuclear physics tests at kitchen tables, churned out tabloids in basements and distributed leaflets at meetings in school gymnasiums, spawning a network of other church-bucked anti-nuclear communities that flourishes today. Together these groups pressed the provincial government to launch an inquiry into the safety and ethical problems they associated with uranium mining. While the mining companies spent an estimated \$550,000 on public relations and representation, the citizens scrounged a \$48,000 government grant and begged 810 Environment Society memberships. They still couldn't afford a lawyer at the hearings, so a public interest lawyer coached community worker Peter Trebilcock to present their case. During the hearings, Trebilcock put in 50-hour weeks. Daily, he found the industry's top seasoned lawyers and their ranks of experts, knowing that his side couldn't afford its own witnesses. Naturally, the environmentalists failed to hold many of the hearings. Trebilcock was finally defeated. Shrug, Shaskatoon's Herman Boerna, another member of the now-defunct committee. "You could get cynical about this."

Though they often realize they are lost, ordinary folk continue to cast themselves into the fray, simply because self-interest catalyzes involvement. Leo Rutledge of Hudson's Hope became active in the Peace Valley Environment Association because he heard that a proposed B.C. Hydro dam would flood him out. Farmer Terry Cawen helped found the Northern Custer Chapter of the Nuclear Responsibility when a radioactive waste dump was proposed far from eastern Ontario's community, and was soon to buy with petitions that his calves felt sick.

Public interest groups are as prone to gather around issues as flies around



Ptrebilcock (left) and others: self-appointed amateurs playing the adversary role

light bulbs, they also tend to be as numerous. But they're poor. Seventy-seven groups are identified in a recent report for the Economic Council of Canada, and six of its members, Michael Trebilcock, a University of Toronto law professor, guesses that the groups' total resources are under \$5 million. A few groups—the Consumers' Association of Canada (CAC), the Canadian Arctic Resources Committee (CARC), Energy Probe—attract some money from governments and foundations to augment their membership fees. But though others may get one-shot grants to make presentations at hearings or regulatory boards, they rely on far slacker sources for their survival. Win Kolod of the Peace Valley Environmental Association says it's 85-a-year memberships and bake sales ("pounding pins for pennies to save the Peace") that keep his group afloat. By contrast, corporate, trade and professional lobbies lack downsides to the fray. There are 300 in Ontario alone, with budgets totalling more than \$180 million a year.

In an increasingly pluralist society, notes British Columbia Supreme Court Justice Tom Berger, who ran the Vancouver Valley pipeline hearings, "it's not yet to take into account before you cut back a sound decision." Thus, hearings and regulatory boards depend upon the pre and on debates of adversary interest groups to round out their understanding. "A lot," says Trebilcock, "you're not at a situation where industry interests are

better researched and represented."

The result is an adversarial regulatory system that public interest lawyer Andrew Ramon compares to "a hockey game with only one complete team on the ice." In the past year, Lise Thibodeau, the president of the Consumers' Association of Quebec, has had to turn away a request to advise the provincial government on housing. "We just don't have the money for experts to help us argue their case." Last month, Energy Probe was unable to afford transportation and expenses for top acid rain experts to testify at the National Survey Board against Ontario Hydro's expansion plans, the group estimates that the net cost to the Canadian public of the resident pollution will top \$1.8 billion.



Trebilcock: outsiders as "free riders"

On the face of it, things have never looked palmer for public interest groups. The general public endorses groups like Energy Probe with zeal but contributes donations and a stream of letters on everything from storm windows to acid rain. Meanwhile, support services for public interest groups are more available than ever. The Public Interest Advisory Centre (PIAC), a federally funded legal service, has just received funding from the Law Foundation of British Columbia to start up a West Coast public interest law office.

But the cash flow problem won't go away. Last summer the Consumers' Association of Quebec was refused a usual federal grant to attend the Bell Canada telephone rate hearings in Ottawa, nor could it get provincial funding to fight the Rigie des Marchés Agraires over an increase in the price of milk. And though, back in 1976, the Berger inquiry spent \$1 million facilitating representations by public groups, today CAC is unsure whether there will be federal funds to debate opening development plans for the Beaufort Sea. Steven Cohen's executive director, Murray Glick, "The Beaufort is the long-

gestation, and to distance their members in otherwise, place-broking negotiations in North America. The huge problems is compounded by lack of motivation. Trebilcock explains: "A small group, such as a corporation, which stands to gain significantly from a decision is more likely to participate than a large group, or a consumer, who will individually just lose a little." Besides, the complexity of the issues dawns most mortally. When the CAC's lawyer, Andrew Roman, asked for extra details of Bell Canada's cross-industry connections, a Bell lawyer growled, "There—argue yourself!" and dumped three cartons of documents on his desk. Though most consumers would rather pay an extra dime than read three cartons of documents, they happily sorted \$14-million savings for them in 1978, when a coalition of groups temporarily forced Bell to sell back pay phone calls from 25 cents to 10 cents. Trebilcock refers to these one-liners, not unlikely, as "free riders."

If free riders won't provide the support public interest groups require, the back—or the need for it—comes to government. The Consumers' Association's

senior system doesn't help groups survive between hearings—and besides, in the two years since the CAC ordered Bell to pay its opponents \$78,000 in costs, Bell has fought this radical principle in court. And Don Crutchfield, Bell Canada's vice president in charge of public and environmental affairs, "Why should we pay for our case and the opposition's too?"

The funding option favored by Michael Trebilcock is a mixed system. For public interest groups able to satisfy regulators that their contribution is a specific hearing will be valuable and unique, there should be government funding. Meanwhile, tax credits would encourage increased support from the free riders of the general public, giving the ongoing survival of the groups a broader base. But even if government is willing to live up these extra revenues to fund corporate critics and government gadflies, the resource problems of public interest groups are far from over. Lawyer Roman recalls: "One Wood Group senior executive said he wouldn't testify for so no matter how much I paid him. If a number of the



Crutchfield (top left), Roman and Rick Schultz (top right): one's hockey game with only one complete team on the ice

ent development in North American history. Dams, petroleum alone is spending \$40 billion, and we don't know if we'll get 684 per cent of that—the amount we'd need to comment on the issue."

In an era of cutbacks, even that modest sum looks generous to some. Laurence Thibault, vice-president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, echoes widespread fears when he warns against a "bottomless pit" of government subsidies. "If public interest groups are legitimate," he points out, "they should get substantial funding from their constituents—their public." The trouble is, the majority of Canadians tend to distrust single-issue or-

working papers suggest several funding options, such as a voluntary tax bands of industry contributions. To the suggestion that the federal government broaden its direct grants, some warn that this could compromise a group's independence. Another funding formula, a cost-recovery system, has been attempted by the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) since 1973, in which companies pay for groups arguing on behalf of their subscribers. Former CRTC vice-chairman Charles Delfin, explains: "Consumers are already subsidizing telephone companies when the companies argue for rate increases. It seems fair that some subscriber money should be spent represent-

financial security isn't already securing for Bell, he happens to be." Two weeks before a pipeline financing report was due to testify for CAC at the PortHills Pipeline hearings, he cancelled—so as not to jeopardize future contracts.

Sooner or later, any self-appointed champion of public interest can expect to fall lamentably short of resources. "It's a constant war," says Thibodeau. The long-term impact of this fact of life as public interest groups has that consumer activist Lise Thibodeau worried: "If we continue to mix the chance to participate in hearings, we may lose our public profile, and be steamrollered right out of playing a role." *Val Ross from Consumer Report*

Harboring hope for a city

Despite muffled objections, B.C. Place transforms Vancouver



Marcel surveys the current layout of rail lines, lumberyards and old buildings

By Thomas Hopkins

Downtown Canada. Since the late 1960s, activists of assorted allegiances have struggled to preserve the core of Canada's cities, threatened as they were by encroaching expressways and gleaming office towers. The fight was largely successful. But even as residential neighborhoods were stabilized, new realities intervened. The need for housing skyrocketed, and as energy costs spiraled the demand for downtown living and working soared as well.

In recent years, Canadian cities have turned increasingly to their underground and shared harbors for relief. Halifax has its Historic Properties, Toronto its Harbourfront development. The most recent entrant in the harbor redevelopment movement in Vancouver's B.C. Place, a massive 204-acre redevelopment of a cluster of rail lines, lumberyards and old buildings on the north shore of an appendix-shaped downtown inlet called False Creek. The scheme, conceived and largely paid for by B.C. Premier's provincial government, will create a mix of walkways, high-rise residential buildings, a 60,000-seat covered stadium and busy commercial districts. The resulting sprawl will cut around the existing Vancouver downtown core that pokes up seven blocks away, and be four times the size.

Touted as the largest project of its kind in North America when an expansive Bennett announced the plan in January, 1989, B.C. Place will wipe out 80 per cent of the light around the False Creek bay. It will transform "an in-



trial cesspool into a residential lake," trumpets B.C. Place Chairman Allen Nard. He's hoped as well that, over its 10 to 15 year construction period, the development will act as a money-generating process, addressing problems that have dogged Canada's third-largest city for a decade.

Alone all, B.C. Place will provide a venue for Canada's first world fair since Expo 67, a 1986 transportation fair called Transpo 86, present in part to lure federal government seed money for an overdue regional light rapid transit (LRT) system.

In fact, Transpo existed long before B.C. Place was a steady gleam in Bennett's eye. Conceived as a vehicle to compensate both Vancouver's recent loss of the 1986 Commonwealth Games and the arrival of the first CPTA train into the city, it was a fair in search

of a home. Now, it will stretch over more than half of the new B.C. Place site and has already risen to meet Expo status, with commitments extended to some 150 countries to participate. It will cost the province some \$100 million and attract an estimated 15 million visitors, drawn by gadget-filled exhibition buildings, ultramodern buildings in False Creek and lighter-than-air craft lifting above it.

Reassuring that Transpo will be a prime showcase for Canadian ideas and transportation hardware, the federal government has agreed to provide \$60 million toward the establishment of an LRT system running through the Transpo site as a living exhibition of Canadian know-how. The government stipulated, however, that the choice be Ontario's futuristic elevated Automatic Light Rapid Transit system. Bennett and the province happily agreed, making a \$300-million deal with Ontario's Bixby in late May. The line will place beleaguered suburban commuters by linking New Westminster with downtown Vancouver by 1994.

Another banner of the B.C. Place

project will be the construction of a \$200-million amphitheatre-sports stadium replacing the decaying Rogers Stadium. Due to be completed in time to host the 1986 Grey Cup game, the stadium will be covered by a revolutionary 16-acre air-supported fabric canopy.

Yet despite the expense of these baubles, B.C. Place executives insist the project will make money for taxpayers by using 40-year lease loans to private builders who will develop most of the site. Since the province picked up the old railway lands and lumberyards from Marathon Realty, Canadian Pacific Ltd.'s real estate wing, for only \$60 million in cash and land swaps, B.C. Place officials figure they struck a huge slice of some of Vancouver's last real land for a paltry \$784 a square foot.

Vancouver city officials officials calculate that B.C. Place, set up as a provincial Crown corporation, stands to gross upward of \$1 billion.

Although the details remain vague, this urban tree will resemble, according to Nard, the late Toronto intersection of Bay and Bloor. High rise will be the rule, children the exception. Studying the cityscape will be permanent forestry and science centres, and an adventure playground for children modelled on the successful playground of Toronto's Ontario Place. Steel and concrete modular homes, used for Transpo exhibition buildings, will either be incorporated into the post-Transpo master plan or used elsewhere in B.C.

Not surprisingly, a project this huge has its detractors. Vancouver Mayor Mike Harcourt, who made his reputation as an alderman crusading against expressways in the late 1960s, called Transpo a "second-rate Disneyland" in his vociferous opposition campaign last fall. He has since cautiously softened, recognizing that a popular city transit



grid could evaporate if Transpo did. University of British Columbia urban land economics professor Stanley Hamilton is among those concerned about government involvement with such expenditure power and taxpayer money. "redeveloping Canada's cities in the future. 'A consortium of large developers could have handled [B.C. Place],' he says."

Vancouver tenant leader Tom Lakeland has called the scheme "a monument to a government trying to save itself." Lakeland, who has organized two demonstrations at the site, wants 30,000 to 30,000 new B.C. Place housing units built for accommodation-starved Vancouver, not the 10,000 to 12,000 now envisioned. The protest itself is a curious reversal of the re-development of a decade ago. "B.C. Place is a popular scheme," says Lakeland, "and politicians are becoming wary of attacking it." Other cities should be watching with interest. As Canadians move new life into the members of their harbor lands, responding to commuters' transportation woes, even the developers saving their concrete waste have returned to favor.

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Zedler on job site, graduate engineers enjoy big salaries and generous benefits

An employee's cornucopia

In the engineering field, demand is outstripping supply

By Janice Neil

A recent mechanical engineering graduate from the University of Waterloo in Ontario, Lynn Zedler was surprised at the real prospective employers were exhibiting to lure her into their hire. After semi-interviewing at five of her interview job offers, Zedler, 25, finally settled for a position with Shell Resources in Calgary, Alta. While she was reluctant to reveal her salary, Shell says graduates like Zedler can expect a minimum yearly income of \$22,000. Zedler's degree is only tangentially related to her new oil industry job, but Shell and many other companies are scrambling to lure any professional with related training. For the first time in its history, Canada is now experiencing a widespread shortage of engineers. Says Jennifer White, head of recruiting at Dome Petroleum in Calgary: "It's definitely a seller's market. Good people are hard to find and it got much more difficult this year."

In a time when many university undergraduates can't find work (the latest unemployment figure for that age group is 11 per cent), engineering graduates are enjoying a veritable cornucopia of opportunities. And the demand will not be satisfied soon. Currently, Canadian universities are producing only 4,000 engineering graduates per year—falling short of industry's immediate requirements. "The demand is going to get worse because, whether we like it or not, we live in an energy-oriented society," says George Sutherland, head of the petroleum department at

Calgary's Southern Alberta Institute of Technology (SAIT), the only canary school in Canada with a program that trains people for oil production jobs.

Recent graduates in the field quickly learn that demand outstripping supply translates into big salaries and generous job benefits. While SAIT's certified technicians can command \$18,000 yearly, that figure pales in comparison to the packages of university engineering graduates. They often earn \$22,000 in their first year—a 30-per-cent increase over last year, notes Janet Gaiden, a University of Waterloo job coordinator. To entice graduates to careers with higher costs of living, corporations offer such perks as low-interest mortgages and clothing allowances. Another luxury afforded engineering graduates is postponed starting dates. Because he wanted a break between the time of his last exam in April and his first day at work, John Budinski, a 22-year-old mechanical engineering graduate from Halifax, will not begin his reservoir engineering job with Dome in Calgary until midsummer. Says Dome's White: "We have to give them a flexible starting time because it's almost expected. We'd rather have a student come into the job fresh after a vacation, than exhausted after university."

Budinski and many of his peers are compensating the already fierce competition between employers in the East by opting for jobs in the west. "It's more interesting, more dynamic, and I like the way business is going in the West," Budinski says. "There's a much faster pace of life than in the Maritimes." Car-

porian consultant exceeds the problem. Says Kenneth Blower, senior engineering recruiter for Polysciences Nickel Mines in Toronto: "We are really competing with the more attractive offers from the western companies. There are just not enough new engineering grads to go around."

Up until recently, the frontier that filled the employment void has been the flow of foreign engineers into Canada. But that has been reduced to a trickle.

"When I was an engineering student 25 years ago in England, I didn't think twice about coming to Canada," says Peter Nitzfornik, the dean of engineering at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon. "But people aren't attracted here any more. The salaries and the standard of living are comparable."

Since many engineering schools turn away six out of every seven applicants, one solution might be to increase university enrolments. As yet, only the



Lounsbury and new home: 'I'm worth it'

University of Alberta in Edmonton has plans to augment the number of graduates. To bolster the ranks of potential candidates, schools could recruit more women into the field. Females now make up only eight per cent of the engineering student population. John Butcher of the Canadian Council of Professional Engineers says yet another remedy would be to consider technicians for jobs traditionally reserved for engineers. In Europe there are some technologists for every engineer, but in Canada the ratio is only one to one.

While engineering firms contemplate the bleak employment outlook, those who have their degrees in hand are anticipating bright futures. After one year as a probationary engineer at Enbridge Resources in Calgary, Bruce Lounsbury, 33, is already earning \$25,000, enough to make a substantial down payment on a \$94,000 house—the very, he's convinced, of his friends back home in St. Catharines, Ont. Says Lounsbury: "I'm not overpaid. It takes a lot of dedication and hard work to get through engineering, and I think I'm worth it."

With this from Catherine Reid and Nancy Wilson



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Alvin, Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin out of the pages of *Zuckerman Unbound*.

Converses of this sort, however, miss the matter for the olive. At its core, *Zuckerman Unbound* is a subtle reflection of fiction and reality which is only blessed with another irony in its parallels to Roth's life. Zuckerman's novel is a great nonverbal success, but in particular of a Jewish family quite literally tells Zuckerman's father At Newark Airport. Zuckerman's younger brother suddenly turns on him "You everything is disposable! Everything is disposable! Jewish morality, Jewish indignance, Jewish wisdom, Jewish father—everything is great for your fun-machine!" Speeches like this are not the stuff of gossipous confessionals. Here, Roth betrays the loneliness and isolation of the writer of fiction, that Nathan's brother's impetuous speech should end up in Roth's book brings to light a sadness that inhabits the comedy of *Zuckerman Unbound*. If Zuckerman could do it all over again, one realizes, he would still write Carmichael even if it did kill his father.

The two central figures of the book, Nathan Zuckerman and Alvin Pepper, maintain a bizarre relationship around



Roth surviving critical opinion

which Roth builds his relations. Pepper introduces himself to the famous Nathan Zuckerman in a Second Avenue restaurant, explaining that he, too, is from Newark. Zuckerman wonders if Pepper's tales are real or fictional—Pepper, once a quiet shy wizard, inhabits a strange world populated with characters of apparently Zuckermanian extraction. An assumed character as he seems to be, Pepper, as Zuckerman realizes, is merely a distortion of Nathan Zuckerman's life, the way fiction is often a distortion of reality. Roth has neatly folded his story together layer by layer.

So much is made of Roth's character—neurotic, Jewishness, gay-

ness—and now, as his critics tell us, himself—it is often forgotten that he writes in some of the clearest, most precise prose America has to offer. His ear for dialogue is uncanny. His sense of humor is quick and sharp and, for all his apparent self-absorption, his sense of irony is a pleasure to behold. Philip Roth is coming along very nicely, thank you very much. *Zuckerman Unbound* is a book of deceptive complexity.

—DAVID MACFARLANE

A separate and recycled reality

THE EAGLE'S GIFT

by Carlos Castaneda
(Morrow, \$24.95)

The first in Carlos Castaneda's series, *The Teachings of Don Juan*, was enlightening in an ethno-'60s way. The sequel was absorbing. Gradually they seemed from quaint to campy, until now with No. 4—the *Eagle's Gift*—don Juan's tale has gone mad. It is like a K-11 Heineken, bringing the daylight out of his previous tales. The fun is gone, and it turns out there is not much else left.

Castaneda was the perfect stage when, as a graduate student, he first met into the irrepressible sorcerer don Juan. As anthropologist and magical powers pushed don Juan into a Mexican Qu where men of power walked through walls and nothing was as it seemed, Castaneda allowed us to watch the collapse of his own spooky rationalism. It did not matter if we believed the story, for the dash of personality and culture made it a tall tale with its own truths. Since then, Castaneda has detailed his deepening involvement with his mentor. In each book Castaneda achieves new levels of awareness, just when you think he could not become any more aware, a new book comes out. By now he has climbed the ladder of soul success and is don Juan's handpicked successor.

In *The Eagle's Gift*, however, the complexities of don Juan's system of thought have swamped the story. We learned little from him that we could not have picked up by browsing among the standard mystical sources, so much of what he says appears to be taken from the I Ching, Meier, Hermann Hesse, Jung materialism and the New Age brain theory that we explain the coincidence by saying either they all spring from the one fount of truth, or don Juan is a member of the Southern California Book-of-the-Month Club. *The Eagle's Gift* is little but a lecture, in don Juan's name, on the levels of existence known to enlightened, steady rationalists like

ourselves. It is distressing that when the life is pulled from what is supposed to be the deepest meaning of life we find a box of clichés.

The first half of *The Eagle's Gift* quickly begins the story of don Juan's escape from this world. A confused band of followers is left behind, taking the trust Castaneda as his leader. In the probable scenario, events occur and the followers begin remembering things it does not seem possible could have happened. Castaneda and his spiritual mate in *Go! Go!* finally remember it all and recount it in the second half. It seems don Juan had taught them much and this made them forget it all! Now the memories give us the tellingly incoherent details of don Juan's map of ultimate reality and also represent the major occurrences of the previous books in their true light. The mystery of the first half are solved by explanations even less intelligible.

By now the faithful reader has decided whether Castaneda writes fiction or fact. If Castaneda is telling the truth, *The Eagle's Gift* is incredible scripture of primary importance. As fiction, however, it has little stuff of story, explicable motivations and, ultimately, interest.

—DAVID WEINBERGER

Lost in the literary fun house

IF ON A WINTER'S NIGHT A TRAVELLER

by Italo Calvino, translated by William Weaver
Fiction (Doubleday, \$12.95)

From Italo Calvino's *Travels in Italy*, the novel *Italo Calvino's Pale Fire*, the novel has been delayed regularly as a work of wit, as a comic, as an all-around practical joke on its reader. In these intellectual assessments, the great sweep of plot so prominent in commercial fiction given way to a fun house chase where we are sure only and again don Juan's only only to confront our startled and misdirected selves in trick mirrors. Italo Calvino, the Italian editor, scholar and dreamer of elegant fictions, pays in the language of writing an intimate epistle to the reader. The journey is so disorienting as Albert Camus does the rabbit hole.

On a winter's night a traveler opens with the author working solemnly about his reader—really, the traveler of his marvelous title—prepped up on pillows with the nothing prospect of a good read. He finds about cigarettes being within reach (if we smoke) and an empty "You have to go?" All right, you know him? So his little winter's tale begins to unfold as a stranger



Calvino: dreamer of elegant fictions

delivers a deep, smoky railway carriage.

But Calvino is just kidding. He steps himself to ask if he's doing justice to our expectations. Has he put in enough detail? Too much? As the plot begins to unfold in the frosty atmosphere it becomes clear that Calvino has written a novel about reading a novel. Soon we find ourselves abruptly plunged into a queer Waller story, *Outside O. Three* of *Macbeth*. A printing error, our author pleads; somehow a signature from another book was seen into his. We try to track down the missing book, which may be a forgery.

In this wild game chase, we sample sections of 10 different books (a Japanese exotic fantasy, a thriller by an Irishman, a South American poem that

MACLEAN'S BESTSELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 Noble House, Charles (4)
- 2 Rocky Park, Smith (4)
- 3 The Raggedy Man, Roth (4)
- 4 The Constant, Maclean (3)
- 5 Goodbye to Rome, Maclean (3)
- 6 Creston, Videl (3)
- 7 The Cheese of God, West (2)
- 8 Five Fall in Crimson, MacDonald (2)
- 9 XPD, Gayle (2)
- 10 The Gifford Hunt, Wincham

Nonfiction

- 1 The Lord God Made Them All, Revue (3)
- 2 The Eagle's Gift, Castaneda (3)
- 3 Cosmos, Sagan (3)
- 4 The Beverly Hills Diet, Mead (2)
- 5 Robert's Book of the Desert Wedding, Vickers (2)
- 6 War Between the Generals, Jernig
- 7 Dr. Atkins' Nutrition Breakthrough, Atkins
- 8 The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide, Zimm (2)
- 9 Paper Money, Smith (2)
- 10 Male Practice, Morduch (2)

(1) Figures last week

is a spy spoof of Borges) and peer into just about every aspect of writing and reading—literature, censorship, translation, even reviewing. It's a long roller coaster ride that has its dips. But, eh, the heights.

Calvino is surely counting on our sympathy at the litanies to provide us into seeing these heights. He pulls the rug out from under us time after time, spilling our ascendant nighttime read by sending us into thought. And this grand polymath needs us as eagerly. He has shown how deft his sleight of hand could be in the brief escape of *Bevis*

the Cities and Cosmopolis, where he made ideas sensuous. In the same marvelous manner that has brought us *Bevis's* Cosmos, if we a reader's sight a traveler is a certified classic. It's a privilege, as reader, to be among its characters. As we turn to the last page (an event difficultly reported on the last page), we have to concede that we have been most agreeably guided. Calvino is a lovable rogue, a confidence man who makes us laugh at the joke on ourselves through his lighthearted erudition. His folio good humor and his mastery escape.

—BILLY MACFARLANE

Is it wrong to think your ride to work should be exhilarating?

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A venomous valentine to Hollywood

S.O.B.

Directed by Blake Edwards

In Blake Edwards' brilliant and extraordinarily funny *S.O.B.*, pain and laughter are the same emotion loaded in different directions; they're both responses of helplessness. Felix Farmer (Richard Mulligan), a successful producer, has just lost the biggest egg in movie history: *Night Wind*, starring the biggest and most wholesome star in America, his wife, Sally Miles (Julie Andrews). While Felix is successfully accepting blame, a

crashers through the floor. He lands on top of sleeping gossip columnist Polly Bond (Loretta Swir), sending her to hospital. A Blake Edwards slapstick specialty—a party—erupts at the house in the evening, ending in whacked-out debauchery with a highway patrolman having his legs shaved. Nobody has noticed the dead man and his whispering dog on the beach.

The comic-strip interest for practically everyone in *S.O.B.* is the self. The studio head (Robert Vaughn) sends his ego message and someone to dump the blame for *Night Wind* on Sally's agent.

Oliverly Winters in strick feathers and cat-sweat moustache, winks the best deal for her about-to-be divorced star and Sally's private secretary (Rhonda Mimsell) is loyal only to his ambitions. When Felix, recovered but still slightly out of his mind, buys back his nose from the studio, he rebuffs it as a controversial paragraphic spite. When they finally take his nose away from him, they take his life as well—and *S.O.B.* takes on its memorably touching tone.

The movie is the celebration of what has always been best about Blake Ed-



man dies of a heart attack on the beach from his house. His dog whines nearby but, but nobody will notice him until the movie is almost over. California is dreaming on. But hell is also breaking loose around town.

Like Felix Farmer, Blake Edwards, a successful writer-director, made a big, expensive flop in 1970 called *Barbra* (a lovely movie, actually) for which he was never forgiven. The string of hits behind him didn't matter. Belled, he made the outlandishly successful *Pink Panther* series in Europe but couldn't get anyone to touch a project he had wanted to do for years called *36*. When it was made (on a piddling budget) and hit the roof, it allowed him to finish another languishing project, *S.O.B.* A military term meaning "Standard Operational Beliebat," *S.O.B.* may be the most venomous valentine ever sent Hollywood, but it also contains some of the funniest scenes ever committed to film stock.

After Felix's friends—in press agent (Robert Webber), doctor (Robert Preston) and *Night Wind* director (Tim Colley (William Holden)—arrive to attend him, Felix tries to hang himself and



Mulligan (below), Andrews (left), Swir and Vaughn: some of the funniest scenes ever committed to film stock



wards the split-second timing, the telling detail, the delicious, while wit. But in *S.O.B.* he directs his biggest traffic jam. Everything in the complex plot is kept in line and it doesn't merely play well—it glides. Each character, down to the bit parts, a beautifully observed Loretta Swir, engaged in a plaster cast and shooting at a guard to let her in to the closed set of *Night Wind* ("Where do you think we're going? We're on our way to London. LET ME IN"), a hilarious on the loose, estranged Polly Bond. Julie Andrews, duped up to do her first made movie ("Have you come to see my boobies?" she asks Polly) is a revelation. Mulligan, Holden, Webber, Vaughn, Larry Hagen (as a studio funky) and Craig Stevens (as Polly's elusive husband) are all perfectly cast and played. But Preston as Felix's pill-popping, booze-grinding gay doctor, who knows the value of friendship has the greatest zany power as a character. He's the only one who seems to truly know himself: "I'm not a physician," he warns Polly. "I'm not a dispensable lawyer. I'm a quack."

In *S.O.B.* friendship (the dog and the dead man, Felix and his three friends)

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as the only cast member. As Felix's ladies, the rest are in a "living funeral" at sea, the rest are making deals at a service where his achievements are being read out. *Love on a Pogo Stick*, *Jealousy of the Poodle People*, *Classics at the Wheel*.... And you don't have from which the tears are coming.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Monster mishmash

DRAGONSLAYER
Directed by Matthew Robbins

The dragon definitely steals the show in *Dragonslayer*. When the young, toothed-and-scorer's-apartie (Peter MacNicol) finally confronts it in its lair, we're left wide-eyed. This dragon does everything our childhoods told us dragons could do: giant tongues of flame flick out from its mouth and it flies through the countryside strafing unhappy hussies. It even

flits through lighting and long shots, but except for those scenes dealing with the dragon, the movie seems on stand-by. The two main characters, the apprentice and a girl (Cathie Clarke) who has been masquerading as a boy to avoid being one of the dragons sent to punish the monster, are sweet young things, their emotional cries of passionate wailing. (You keep asking yourself: Is this movie just some of the poor girls' released rage?)

Beautifully shot, exploring mist and foliage, and with a superb score by Alec North, *Dragonslayer* could have used more density—and speed. Like *Rings* before it, it's about the death of magic. The old alchemist Ulrich (Richard O'Keefe) sees a new dawn in much the same way as Martin did magic in the future must come from inside men. *Dragonslayer* explored that theme poignantly, *Dragonslayer*, leaving us with the parting thought that Christianity has doomed the mantle of magic, doubling back and forth on an easy and contradictory afterthought.

Obviously inspired by *Pendragon*, the sorcerer's tale just like the one Mickey Spillane wrote in *Conan*, *Dragonslayer* is a good example, the movie is a one-book evasion threatening to become a handbook book with illustrations. The special effects work their magic, yet we're left with the same thought: Ulrich had "This magic—what has it accomplished?" —L.O.T.

Klutzes in a rut

STRIPES
Directed by Ivan Reitman

Stripes takes some tired old ideas from early service comedies and flips them to death. Bill Murray again plays a lugubrious one in no good way, with his friend Harold Ramis, who is left with the same thought: Ulrich had "This magic—what has it accomplished?" —L.O.T.

ART

The wrought irony of the real world

By David Livingstone

It's easy to think you know something about Mary Pratt. She's the one who lives in Newfoundland and does those paintings of egg cartons and fish. She's one of those radicals, kind of like Alan Corbin or Ken Kesey. She should that made a wicker chair that caused a fuss when *Saturday Night* magazine ran it as a cover. Yes, that's right, she's married to Christopher Pratt. He's another famous radical. They have four kids. She started art after child-rearing.

Of course, you can come by all this without ever having laid eyes on anything Mary Pratt has done. Her emergence in the '70s coincided with a cause (feminism) and a trend (radicalism), and accordingly she has received enough media attention to make her familiar. Now in the nick of time, since a lot of half-baked prescientists threaten to diminish her reputation, along comes *Mary Pratt*, a 13-year survey of the 65-year-old artist's work which proves how misleading a little knowledge can be. Installed until Aug. 16 at the London (Oct.) Regional Art Gallery, after which it tours the country, the exhibi-

'Service Station' (1977): one is never sure how complicated she means to be



'Not in My Dressing Gown' (1987): the gender inherent in a everyday trope

tion does not deny Pratt's domestic associations. Of the 47 works on display, food figures in more than half. Indeed, she not only (falsely) renders groceries, the apparently gets off on them. Pictures called *Baguette*, *Encore*, *Chickens*, *Salmon* or *Straw* evoke the giddy, grandiose interest in everyday things. But an amusing and accessible as much of the work is, Pratt's peculiar vision also takes in that which is solemn and subtle.

The earliest works in the show are three pencil drawings of three of Pratt's children, done in 1968. The most recent are paintings completed earlier this year. However, while she has remained steadily obsessed by the surfaces and substance of the world she is in daily contact with, her subjects now seem less matter-of-fact and personal. *Old Shoes* and *Barrel Apple* in *Triples*, done in 1982, are funny, almost quaint. But in this year's *Five Barrels*, flames burning inside a blackened oil drum suggest hell more than health. Compared to earlier whimsical images such as *Smoker*, *Chickens* and *The Toilet* in *The Garden*, *Girt* is *My Dressing Gown*, also completed in 1981, seems especially disquieting. There is something primal and heavy about the slack and fallen young woman in pantes and bra

wearing a negligee that obviously belongs to some far greater stature. The hovering birds at some sort of archetypal female rivalry—between mother and daughter, woman and other woman.

Because of the title, one is distracted by autoagoraphobia, not attaching too much universal significance to *Girt* in *My Dressing Gown*. In general, one is never sure how complicated she means to be. In front of *Merby With an Ice Cream Cone*, one could exclaim, "Is it that weird?" or one could retort the public shape of the cone and Barbie's eagerly stretched tongue. The faltered back of meat in *Roast Bird* might remind one of the beastly appetite of carnal voracity or one might simply raise the question, as one woman at the show was overheard to wonder, "What kind of meat is that?" Pratt's paintings allow for such ambiguity of interpretation that irony must have been in-

photorealistic like her most popular in the '70s, she produces *Donuts* not down the real world but from photographs of the real world. In *Three Girls*, the image of a bowl of fruit on a crocheted cloth appears as if it were captured by a camera, more barred in the foreground and background than it would be as perceived by the naked eye.

To some extent, it seems like a questionable pastime for artists to strain their eyes and backs trying to achieve effects that are more readily available through mechanical means. If you want a picture of a jar of jam, why not take a snapshot? If Pratt were merely interested in recording detail, the might settle for this. But her abiding concern is with the quality of light. Viewing closely, shimmering places of foil that wrap the Christmas turkey seem like little streaks of brown and blue and pink and green unlike anything you have ever seen. However, having once seen reflections



Pratt: remaining steadily obsessed by the surfaces and substance of the world

tended. However, except for *Service Station*, in which the partially cleaned legs of a mouse hang from the back of a few truck like the arms of a crucified sinner, they bear no message. Their impact is visual more than symbolic.

Much of this can be attributed to the fluency of her technique. Far from being a housewife who happened to see day while up and discover the way badly with brush and rag, Mary Pratt graduated from the art school of Mount Allison University in her native New Brunswick. As Joan Murray points out in the exhibition catalogue, "Her drawing and composition are based on a solid academic background. However, the still-life artists in centuries past: Pratt works from photographs. Like Richard Estes, Chuck Close and other

as fail so brilliantly expressed, one is at first looking for them in the kitchen.

While the old Pratt depicts is quite traditional, her interest in modern materials such as aluminum foil and stretch-and-seal plastic presents such delights as current jelly and steamed pudding from seeming nostalgic. And rather than pitting her art-made against the material, she seems quite capable of delighting in both history and progress. At first glance, it might seem from Pratt's clumps of fillet and broken eggshells that she is occupied by parts and pieces. In fact, more characteristic of her talent is an ability to celebrate the whole of a world in which pleasure and wisdom are borne on shafts of light. ☺



MacNicol, sweet, young, understanding

has babies—many little things food of nibbling from human meat, preferably virgins. The wonder of the special effects people (who are now the real stars of Hollywood) makes the most confrontations of *Dragonslayer* exciting and spectacular, but everything else seems a warm-up. The same could be said of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, except that one was faster.

The script for *Dragonslayer* by Hal Barwood and Matthew Robbins, the two recently talented men that wrote *The Godfather* *Exorcism* and *Charlie Sheen*, is a much better idea than screenplays. The story—an apprentice left to rule a kingdom of his dragons after his master (Ralph Richardson) has died—seems not so different from *Conan*. The director, Robbins, achieves some wonder-

Three men and a tub

As aides leave the sinking Tory ship, the undeclared race begins

By Allan Fotheringham

Back in the bad old days, when we didn't talk about such things, heterosexuality was known as "the love that don't speak its name." The theory was that if you pretended to believe that there was no such thing, it would go away or—probably—don't exist. In a sense, the same attitude goes on in Ottawa, that haven of Saturday night heterosexuality, at the moment. No one will talk out loud about the battle to succeed Joe Clark as the new kooky-as-a-squid leader of the Progressive Conservative Party—because everyone pretends that the battle isn't going on. It is, and the people who have been around Clark since 1978 are quietly peddling worry from the sinking ship. Aisle 100 Green now works for the Liberals. Quebec man Donald Doyle has returned to a Montreal left Party director Paul Carley has gone back to Imperial Oil. Chief of Staff Bill Neville is headed back to the private sector. Only Clark remains and Clark is the only one in the party who thinks he can survive the coming elections. It's a happy a matter of time. Not if, but when.

There are three hungry successors shuffling their feet and clearing their throats. Appearing at banquets, making discreet libations, loyalty signs to their leader, praising the flock, sipping carefully to the stirring gale. They are John Crosbie, Brian Mulroney and David Crombie. One of them will be the next Tory leader and—if the Liberals ever choke on their own arrogance as in their day—somebody prime minister of Canada. It would be useful to probe their back teeth, examine their forelocks and check them for worms.

John Carmel Crosbie has turned himself into a most difficult actor. The image around the country is of an amiable buffoon with a tongue like a flapping mul flap, all done up with the Irish lil of a clown-home pub. Actually, Crosbie was to the manner born. His family owns approximately one-quarter of Newfoundland. Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

landlord (Three other families own the rest.) He went to the very best of schools: St. Andrew's, Queen's, Dalhousie, London School of Economics. He has a brilliant mind—the gold medalist at Dalhousie law school. But John Crosbie has one characteristic that is considered a flaw in politics. He is very shy. Reaching this when he was an ambassador but still provincial, he, he forced himself through a Dale Carnegie-like public speaking regimen and developed his stand-up comedian style. Celia Ed



Broadband "Oh Best Brandy" Was a Liberal until his route to become Newfoundland premier was blocked by Joey Smallwood, so he switched to Tories. The star's Rob Mac calls him "Newfoundland's gift to 17th-century economics." One of his sons is married to a former Prime Minister's daughter. "Short-term pain for long-term gain." When came in Ottawa, devoted his an unenviable bid, in go-around risk-boy style. Now spread up with mutual suspicion as much. Had a 1979 stroke, which he regards a warning "tap on the shoulder." Wife Jane one of the reigning with of Ottawa (her assessment of her husband's budget "The operation was a success but the doctor died.") He is 60. What with his singing style slightly so as to be taken more over-serious had has learned to love the rear of the grapefruit, the snail of the crowd.

Brian Mulroney does not suffer from being very shy. Finest jaw this side of

Lil Abner. Voice comes out of the bottom of rain barrel. Has been active as the Tory party's backbone for two decades, more being discovered by David Fulton. A labor lawyer who, in 1977, became president of Iron Ore Co. of Canada, succeeding W.J. Bennett, whose daughter works for Francis Fox. At 42, he is three months older than Joe Clark. Recently organized and was the star turn at a private fund-raiser at the Mount Royal Club, \$250 a plate, that provided \$28,000 to pay the debts of

Rich LeSalle, the Tory from Alberta riding who turned into failed Union National leader. Neither Liberals, who must set a date for the Alberta by-election, nor Mulroney, who is contemplating his re-election, have made a decision. Has been travelling widely—China, Europe, Kenya, South Africa—to flesh out international background. On last ballot at 1976 leadership convention, 71 per cent of his first-ballot support went to Clark, 88 per cent of his singlephases. Father of beautiful wife Nina, a psychiatrist from Vancouver. Mulroney problem must put him on line for

sent to convince Tory voters. David Crombie was six years widely successful mayor of Toronto. Known as the Metro man. Acknowledged as one of the great communicators in politics. A more relaxed when he returns. Once picked by Time magazine as one of the world's 100 leaders of tomorrow. Like Joe Clark, dropped out of law school, became salesman for General Foods, then a social science instructor. Married to schoolgirl sweetheart Shirley, only woman in Canada shorter than he in 1968 attack in 1969, now recovered. He is 45. Perhaps 55? Despite having the biggest budget of any portfolio (health) and having run Canada's largest city, he was kept out of Clark inner cabinet by aides who feared his popularity. Personally knocked off by John Kreen, the university president that party boss had handpicked as Trudeau's successor. Recently spent two weeks on "holiday" in B.C., where he is not widely known. Problem is Canada too large a land to go to Ottawa?



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